Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE DEFENSE OF THE PHILIPPINES

BY REAR ADMIRAL BRADLEY A. FISKE, U. S. N. (Retired)

EVER since the battle of Manila Bay that took place on May 1, 1898, the people of the United States have been in considerable doubt as to what they should do with the Philippine Islands. Many have insisted from the first that they should be given to the Filipinos, outright; others have insisted that the Filipinos should be allowed to govern them, under the protection of the United States. There have been many shades of opinion in the matter; but what has happened is that the United States has actually governed them, but permitted the Filipinos to occupy certain governmental positions, and to have a considerable influence in the conduct of affairs.

The result has been that the Philippine Islands have prospered more than ever before, and that their commercial value to the United States has impressed an increasing number of people. Their most obvious value lies in the natural riches of the soil and the consequent opportunities for selling to the Islands the agricultural, commercial and other appliances needed for developing those riches, and for importing the products raised. But a greater, though less obvious, value lies in the nearness of Manila to the vast undeveloped territories of Eastern Asia, and the fact that the many fine bays and harbors of the Philippines could be made to supplement the very few good harbors on the eastern coast of Asia, and give to the United States a base of commercial operations, unequalled by that of any other country, save Japan itself.

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But—the Philippines could be taken by anyone who might desire to take them! This casts doubt on the security of our possession of them, and would make any attempt by Americans to develop them of more than questionable wisdom. Furthermore, the great distance of the Islands from America has made the problem of defending them by the ordinary methods an undertaking virtually prohibitive, because of the cost in money, time and effort.

So, the commercially and strategically valuable Philippine Islands still lie spread out on the counter, for anyone to take who will. It is a dangerous and foolish thing thus to leave any property wholly unprotected; and the most dangerous thing possible is to leave property unprotected from a sudden assault by any nation with which causes for friction exist. In such conditions (history tells us) some unlooked for contingency may at any time precipitate a state of popular excitement taking the form of overt action, if a chance for such overt action were in sight. Now, in case some suddenly arising situation should cause a popular outburst against us in Japan, the chance to seize the Philippines might prove too strong a temptation to be resisted.

The last Congress refused to give the navy the very moderate amount it asked for, in order to take advantage of the possibilities of aeronautics. If Congress persists, we may find ourselves with a navy that is very expensive, but so old-fashioned as to be ineffective. Some people think that the more ineffective a navy is, the less danger there is of war. Their attention is respectfully invited to the historical fact that aggression has usually, if not always, been caused by the temptation presented by a valuable property left unprotected from attack.

I need not say that I do not suggest using only airplanes to defend the Philippines; all the usual weapons would, of course, be needed, especially submarines. I do wish, however, to call attention to our amazing backwardness in utilizing airplanes, and to point out the special attributes that make them valuable as preventers of actual invasion.

These attributes are:

1. Great speed, and consequent ability to concentrate in large

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numbers against parts of more slowly-moving bodies, such as ships, boats and troops.

2. Ability to rise high and discern objects at great distances.

3. Ability to carry high explosives in convenient forms that have merely to be dropped.

By reason of these three attributes, a force of say one hundred first-class airplanes, properly equipped and manned, if distributed at different points in Luzon (the northernmost island), would be able to concentrate at any threatened point on the coast before the invading troops could start from the transports to the shore.

The only defense against our airplanes would be a greater air force possessed by the enemy. But it must be clear that *no country in the world could compete with us in building airplanes.* The cost to us of a force of airplanes able to protect the Islands would probably be less than one per cent of the cost of any endeavor to recapture them.

One of the possible objections to be urged against defending the Islands may be the supposed fact that the Filipinos have been led to believe that they would be given the Islands as soon as they should prove their capacity for self-government.

Passing over a number of questions, such as who could have the authority to give the Filipinos any cause to believe this, it may be pointed out that, even if the Filipinos should prove their capacity to govern themselves, they cannot possibly prove their capacity to protect themselves against any strong nation desiring to possess them; and that no islands of their great area and richness in all kinds of natural resources, can safely be left unprotected in these days of annexation and colonization.

Again, if the Islands were given to the Filipinos, would they retain them long? Is there any other equally large and valuable tract of land in the possession of any people, so helpless against attack as the Philippine Islands would be if our protection should be withdrawn?

Four courses of action seem to be open to us:—

1. Defend the Islands: a thing easily done, using airplanes, submarines, mines, etc.

2. Leave them defenseless as they practically are now, with the

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virtual certainty that they will be taken by an enemy some day, and we forced to send the most expensive expedition ever known to retake them. If we should succeed, the Islands would continue to belong to us.

3. Give them to the Filipinos with no guarantee of protection from us. In this case, the Islands will surely be taken not long afterward by some country.

4. Give them to the Filipinos with the guarantee of our protection. In this case, the difficulties and cost of the expedition to retake them after capture will be identical with those in case 2; but the Islands, instead of belonging to us after the crushing expense and loss of life of the expedition, will (in case of success) belong not to us but to the Filipinos.

But there is a powerful reason for defending the Islands that is apart from any question of having to retake them: that then we shall be as strong in the West Pacific as any other nation. We shall be just as able to protect our merchants and our shipping, and just as well placed for trading direct with China. We shall be even better placed in some ways: for while the Philippines have as good harbors as Japan, they are nearer to the ports of Europe by way of the Mediterranean. In fact, they are directly between the Mediterranean and Japan.

It is unnecessary to consider the suggestion, sometimes made, that to attempt to defend our coast and our over-seas possessions adequately, would constitute a threat to other nations; because its foolishness is proved by the facts of history and the principles of International Law.

BRADLEY A. FISKE.

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THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

BY PHILIP W. WILSON

DURING the month of June, there will gather in London what used to be called "the Colonial" but is now the Imperial Conference of statesmen representing all the self-governing nations within the British sovereignty, and also India. It is not too much to say that the proceedings will determine whether and in what form there is to be for the future a British Empire or as General Smuts would prefer to define it, an alliance of British commonwealths. In waging the Great War, Germany confidently anticipated that this strange and varied association of peoples, African, Asian, European, civilized and barbaric, Hindu and Moslem, Catholic and Protestant, would fall asunder in the shock of defeat, and even in the shock of victory, the political fabric is strained and would be rent if it did not yield to the stress. With Labor threatening the very existence of society in Britain herself and with Ireland in turmoil, Canada is asserting her nationhood as never before, South Africa has fought an election on secession, Australia demands her own foreign policy, India is evolving Home Rule, and Egypt is swept by an Islamic nationalism. In all this, a German would discover plain symptoms of disruption, yet disruption does not take place. The Conference meets to adjust anomalies and distribute authority, not to disband its constituent countries.

When King George reopened the Parliament after the War, with the old gilt coach and the mediaeval ceremonies of a former day, the press of the United States took especial note, because it meant that, with thrones toppling and a Czar butchered, the old show which dates from King Alfred, was going on apparently as if nothing had happened. In describing the France of Louis the XVI, Carlyle has remarked upon the curious persistence of mere form, on which, at Westminster, a Labor member, on first seeing it, said "This will take a lot of abolishing." It will be in this

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atmosphere of a dignified and sympathetic antiquity that statesmen of the Dominions will assemble. As Bagehot would have observed, it will impress their minds towards reason and compromise. They will find themselves in the presence, not of England alone, but of one another and in such comradeship, the individuals are flattered. This, indeed, was the real reason why the Dominions assisted Britain in the War. It is only this federation that secures for them a status beyond the status of small peoples. On the League of Nations, as Mr. Newton Rowell, the Canadian delegate at Geneva has confessed, the Dominions could speak with confidence, even against the mother country, because, on the main issue of their nationhood, they had behind them the mother country and each other. While, however, this is undoubtedly the fact, there has now to be considered a second fact, not less important, and this is the relation between these Dominions and the ever-expanding influence of the United States.

Something may be said here about the history of the Imperial Conference. In the 'eighties, the British Throne awoke from the long slumber of Queen Victoria's sorrow for the Prince Consort. A Jubilee was held which for the first time aroused England to a consciousness of the Empire, acquired by her "in a fit of absence of mind." In that year, 1887, the first Colonial Conference was held. A second Conference gathered in 1894 at Ottawa while the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, in 1897, was the occasion for a third Conference, under the vigorous inspiration of Joseph Chamberlain, Colonial Secretary, in whose hands the meetings were moulded into a permanent link between the countries concerned. Amid not a little suspicion on the part of Free Traders who feared a system of preferential tariffs, the Conferences met again in 1902, 1907, and 1911, but the seventh gathering, arranged for the year 1916, had to be cancelled owing to the War; and it is thus ten years since there was a formal discussion of imperial problems by the Prime Ministers in council.

Great Britain, though preoccupied with domestic crises, will have to face in her Dominions a new sense of nationhood which will not be denied expression. They fought in the War and are proud of that achievement. And they are also aware of those heavy public debts which are the heritage of war. They do not

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criticize the diplomacy which preceded Britain's entrance into the struggle. But they do say that for the future they must have a voice in any foreign policy for which their armies and navies may be held as guarantors. This attitude will tend to draw Britain, as far as is possible for her, out of European commitments, while it must transform British diplomacy in the Pacific. How the Dominions are to be continuously represented in London is a matter for organization. A Parliament, elected from all parts of the Empire, has often been proposed but is not practicable. An annual Conference might take the Prime Ministers from their duties at home, too frequently for too long absences. In the British Constitution, as unwritten, the Cabinet is, of course, only an informal committee of the Privy Council, summoned at pleasure in the King's name. Dominion Prime Ministers are also Privy Councillors and it is now recognized that, when in London, they have a right to sit with the Cabinet when imperial affairs are discussed. Some device for consultation will thus be arranged, without doubt, in June.

Over certain questions of etiquette in London, the Dominions have developed a firm resolution to see their national status acknowledged. Their claim is that they are now in the fullest sense separate sovereign states which, for historical and other reasons, accept what happens to be an identical allegiance to one sovereign,—that they are therefore the equals of and no longer subordinate to the mother country, as Austria and Hungary were equals in the Dual Monarchy,—and that equals can only sit with equals at the same table. This means that whereas, in the past, the president of the Conference has been the Colonial Secretary for the time being, the chair must be taken for the future by no less a person than the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom himself, meeting his peers. Indeed, there has been for some time a demand by the Dominions for a complete severance or emancipation of their affairs from the Colonial Office in London. They protest against an arrangement in Downing Street which, as they think, puts them on a level with Crown Colonies like Sierra Leone or Jamaica nor are they placated by the creation of a Dominions Department within the Colonial Office. They declare that this is a matter which cannot be settled by putting up a

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glass partition in a roomful of first class clerks. Either the Dominions must be allowed to deal with the Prime Minister direct or there must be for them a new and entirely separate Department of State,—a Dominions Office, ranking with the Foreign or War Office in prestige.

With the federation of provinces in Canada, Australia and South Africa, this sense of nationality was bound to develop. It does not mean a desire to leave the Empire. Receptions granted to the Prince of Wales and the recent vote in favor of General Smuts in South Africa show that. It does mean a hope for larger opportunities within the Empire. One can well understand why South Africa did not secede. It was not sentiment that determined her verdict. In the Labor Party and among many Boers, sentiment must have been and indeed was a highly uncertain factor. What kept South Africa loyal was the shrewd conviction that a white minority living in the midst of a black population which also is becoming sentient, will lose nothing and may save much trouble by retaining the background of what is still a great prestige. Similarly, with Australia. In Melbourne as in other English-speaking cities, they have the Irish. Recently, a member of the Commonwealth Parliament, orating in what corresponds to the Hyde Park of that city,—a place where really one may say *anything* that one likes!—advocated leaving the Empire. Prime Minister Hughes read the unhappy man's speech to the House and proposed his suspension therefrom, which was carried. It has been uncertain whether Archbishop Mannix would ever return to Australia and his return depends on his willingness to take the oath of Allegiance.

For the United States, the most vital of these developments are those which are occurring in Canada. There is no doubt that, since the war, the relations between the Dominion and the Republic have become closer. Large numbers of Americans have crossed the frontier into the western provinces of Canada and have there been naturalized, calling themselves "Canadian citizens" rather than "British subjects." Of the movie films shown in Canada, nearly all are American, and of magazines sold in Canada, the same may be said. Seven years ago, Canada was financed by London. To-day, she is financed by New York

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and it is with the American dollar that she must match her own Canadian dollar. In Ontario, the Gibraltar of the British connection, there is a loyalty to the connection with Britain which reminds one of the passionate affections of industrial Ulster. And even in Quebec, a rapprochement with the Catholics, let us say of Boston, is prevented by the somewhat distinct racial characteristics of these disciples of a common faith. But Canada is to-day acutely conscious that the balance of trade with the United States is against her and that this adverse balance is reflected in her depreciated exchange. One reason why Canada continues in the British Empire is her wish to find herself on more even terms with her friendly and powerful neighbor.

Statesmen in Canada are claiming to-day that their country is really the stepping-stone between the United States and the rest of the English-speaking world. She is, they say, the country that explains England to America and America to England. One knows that it is so, but it may be suggested also that at this moment an error of diplomacy, whether by Washington or by London, might swing Canada far away from her middle path. The famous remark by Mr. Champ Clark—"annexing Canada"—has recently been echoed in certain less responsible quarters and has evoked warm comments from the Dominion. On the other hand, the Dominion is speaking not less plainly to Britain, especially over the Governor-Generalship which the Duke of Devonshire is vacating. To be frank, it is not quite easy to discover what are the precise qualities in their Governor-General that Canadians want. Is he to be King Log or King Stork? Is he to be a personality or a figurehead? If a figurehead, merely to open bazaars and accept the advice of his Ministers, then there was, after all, something to be said for Queen Mary's brother, the Earl of Athlone, whose name Canada has somewhat decisively turned down. If, contrariwise, the Governor-General is to be a personality who does things, in what sphere is he to act? Broadly, he is coming to be regarded as a kind of Ambassador or Envoy Plenipotentiary from Britain to Canada, whose true function is diplomatic rather than administrative. With the names at present suggested, Canada appears to be dissatisfied. Just as Lord Bryce made it difficult for any British Ambassador to

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succeed him at Washington, so Earl Grey, as Governor-General of Canada, set a standard of sympathy and of sagacious tact which has left to others a heritage of perilous comparisons. And Great Britain has rather cleverly turned the tables by inviting Canada herself to make the nomination! We shall see how *that* plan will work out.

In various other matters, Canadians have shown themselves sensitive when corresponding with London. Over the grant of titles, they have put their foot down firmly, insisting that no peerages and baronetcies and knighthoods be conferred upon citizens of the Dominion, save by the advice of the Dominion Government. In intention, this is a simple and wholesome assertion of democracy, but in its effect on the Constitution of the British Empire, it has a deeper meaning. It signifies that the Dominion asserts the right directly to "advise" the King, either through his Governor-General or without any such intermediary, and in any event without reference to the King's British "advisers" or Ministers in London. This is the more important as a precedent because the Imperial Parliament sitting at Westminster has never yet abrogated its right to legislate for any part anywhere of the King's Dominions. For such an abrogation, Canada has not yet asked, but her citizens have made it clear that no Imperial legislation can be accepted by her, save as a freely consenting party thereto, and legislation over her head and against her will would—to quote Mr. Rowell again—lead as certainly to revolution as would the action of the Electoral College in the United States if as delegates the members had voted Governor Cox into the White House instead of Senator Warren G. Harding, against the declared though indirect suffrages of the American people. There is, indeed, a movement in Canada favorable to a fundamental amendment of the British North America Act, which defines the Dominion's constitution. At present, that Act can only be altered by the Imperial Parliament itself, to which supreme legislature the Dominion must make "petition." The very word, "petition" is something of a challenge and many Canadians would prefer to see Canada assume the right to alter her own Constitution when and how she likes. Against this plea, there is in logic nothing to be said, but in prac-

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tice, the present system has advantages which Canadians are themselves bound to recognize. After all, the Imperial Parliament listens with great sympathy to any "petition" which may be submitted. And some ill-considered petitions are suitably postponed because there is this technicality to be observed. On the other hand, if Canada is to handle Constitutional changes herself and without any reference to the mother country, she must first secure unanimity between her provinces—by no means a simple matter—which unanimity cannot be superseded, even in secular affairs, because of the solemn guarantees given to Quebec. From the veto enjoyed by Quebec, it follows that every Province has a veto and by a strange inversion of the probabilities, the control of a distant and Imperial Parliament is thus the method by which Canada can escape from the much more serious restraint of a virtually stereotyped Constitution, as it would be if "the control" ceased.

The surviving authority of the Imperial Parliament has its counterpart in the "Judicial Committee of the Privy Council," as it is called, which august though oddly named tribunal of Law Lords, sitting in a back room, is the Supreme Court of the British Empire. It is a body, admittedly venerable and admittedly efficient. It considers a tribal dispute on the northwest frontier of India, where there are none save unwritten laws and customs, and it formulates out of these traditions a common law of definite precedent. The Canadian Courts are themselves undoubtedly most efficient. Yet, on the other side of the case, we have the equally undoubted fact that in British as in Roman jurisprudence there is a heritage shared also by the United States herself; and never in British history have the Courts been more free of abuses and more learnedly served than they are to-day. In a land so rapidly developing as is Canada, there are many issues constantly arising on which a detached arbitration by men of the strongest intellectual calibre may be invaluable. That there should be a wider representation from the Dominions on the Judicial Committee in London is doubtless a very arguable proposition.

More immediately important to human happiness than any or most of these matters is the broader question as to what for the

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future should be the foreign policy of the British Dominions. Incidental to this problem is the demand by Canada and more tentatively by Australia for the right to be separately represented in the United States by a Minister at Washington and by Consuls or trade agents elsewhere. The Foreign Office naturally dislikes these proposals, at any rate so far as the separate Legation is concerned, but Canada retorts that her people are not welcomed in the British Civil Service and that she is entitled to a private wire to the State Department. The Government in London has yielded but Canada—having won her point of principle—has not in fact selected the Minister or opened the Legation. To some extent, she may have been deterred by the reorganization of the British Embassy itself which under Sir Auckland Geddes handles Canadian business rapidly and effectively. Also, this is a matter in which after all the United States will have something to say. If Canada has a legation at Washington, what about Newfoundland and South Africa and India? And assuming a settlement in Ireland, what about her? It is one thing for the British Empire to preserve and utilize her own anomalies within herself. It is another thing for her to extend her anomalies into neighboring sovereignties. Even in the League of Nations, the six votes, though often exercised against each other, created prejudice. Also, if Canada is to have a Minister at Washington and to insist on making separate treaties with Foreign Powers, as with France over wine, the United States must send a Minister, so it would seem, to Ottawa and a dual diplomacy would arise. In preferring a request to the State Department the Canadian Minister would be asked inevitably, "Is Great Britain supporting your argument or do you speak only for Canada?" Yet Great Britain might not have been consulted and might regard with entire detachment the prior negotiations, as carried on by Canada. No one can deny that the frontier between Canada and the United States is becoming ever more and more full of significance. It may be woodpulp, it may be prohibition, it may be railroad cars, it may be tariffs, it may be waterpower at Niagara or along the St. Lawrence, it may be the canalization of that river as a route from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic, but in every one of these respects, the frontier is, as it

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were, elaborated. Hitherto, it has been the boast that forts and warships—except Mr. Ford's Eagles!—were banished from the frontier. But in waterpower, the two countries are actually partners in the frontier as an economic asset of far-reaching magnitude.

Turning our eyes to the Pacific, we find a situation not less instructive. Between California and British Columbia there is no distinction in the attitude assumed towards Japan. There, at any rate, you have a sentiment which also ignores the frontier. It is a sentiment shared to the full by New Zealand and Australia. For the Japanese, Siberia has proved to be of an inhospitable climate, and the objective of emigration is southwards,—California or the tropical zone of Australia which white men shun. Neither California nor Australia want the Japanese. And the United States, so far as I can gather her view, joins with the British Dominions in desiring no more of an Anglo-Japanese Alliance, however it be safeguarded. That Alliance has been from the first a matter of necessity for Britain rather than choice. In the first instance, if Britain, when approached, had answered Japan in the negative, Germany would have stepped in and taken her place. The Agreements which disposed of the Pacific Islands and Shantung were again Japan's price which the Allies paid because they could do nothing else. But the sympathy of the British Dominions—say over the Yap dispute—lies not with Japan. It is behind the United States. And if the Anglo-Japanese Treaty be renewed—except as a mere memory—it will be against the protests of the Dominions. This means that there is, in the Pacific Ocean, a general but complete mutual feeling between the United States and the Dominions and this feeling—despite all asperities over oil and mandates—will find expression at the Imperial Conference. Of course, something will depend on the demeanor of the United States herself. A readiness to accept her leadership in the Pacific may be diminished by the tone which that leadership adopts, or it may be, as one hopes, strengthened. In the history of the United States, there has been no moment when diplomacy will count for more than it does just now—wisdom needs to be clothed at all times with an infinite patience and tact.

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For these reasons, I have never been one who fears the expansion of the American Navy. Many issues are involved, doubtless, in that expansion,—for instance, the now questionable value of the battleship—but among those issues is not British friendliness. The danger to Britain to-day is near home—the submarine, which threatens her food supply and trade routes, and the answer to the submarine is probably the aeroplane. But the recent large reduction of the British Navy as based on the North Sea and the simultaneous concentration of the American Navy in the Pacific Ocean are operations which indicate a new orientation of sea power. Any events which might disturb the Pacific Ocean would bring in the Dominions. For such events, they must be in a state of potential preparation and the first question to be answered is how their coasts are to be held immune from danger. The Dominions cannot support Navies of the largest size. If isolated, their small naval contingents would be an easy prey for any powerful Asiatic opponent. It follows, therefore, that these naval units of the Dominions, stationed in the Pacific Ocean, must be associated with a friendly Navy of a power at least equal to that of any opponent. Such a Navy could only be British or American. Lord Jellicoe has toured the British Empire, presumably with the object of inaugurating a new naval supremacy in the east, based upon Singapore or similar fortress. This scheme has failed of adoption. For Britain it meant two evils—first crushing taxation and secondly the danger of a disastrous and unreal rivalry with the United States in the Pacific.

Britain has thus surrendered her claim "to rule the waves" in the Far East and this means that whatever may or may not be put down on paper, the Navy of the United States is in actual fact the force with which the Dominion contingents will look to coöperating. Asiatic immigration is the only problem of foreign policy which interests Australia but if a "white Australia" is to be preserved, that one problem is fundamental.

For Britain, these affairs would be comparatively simple if it were not for the fact that, in her Empire, there are far more Asiatics than there are whites. At the Imperial Conference as on the League of Nations, India will be represented, and racial equality

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becomes at once an implied issue. If Japan had behaved with greater humanity in China and in Korea and had made herself the trusted leader of Asiatic civilization, the position in India might have been exceedingly awkward for all the white races concerned. Britain might have been placed in the position of having to choose between her Oriental and her (racially) European friends. Asia is, however, deeply divided. Japan is feared and her supremacy would mean that for other Asiatics there would be far less of race equality than there will be always under the guidance of the whites. India will not drive out England to make the Mikado king. And this being the case, there is nothing in her relations with India which would prevent Britain from accepting and indeed welcoming closer relations between the United States and the self-governing British Dominions.

PHILIP W. WILSON.

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THE CALL

BY O. W. FIRKINS

I WAS second lieutenant of a hastily recruited Oregon company in the American Expeditionary Force, and the incident I relate occurred in the difficult and anxious weeks of the American conquest of the Argonne. The forest was intricate, the trails narrow, and the signs which the native read with ease were inscrutable to the foreigner. The men were forced to advance in small linear detachments, which were separated for hours from the main body, and the danger of any group that failed to rejoin its companions at the appointed time and place was very great. A French guide was assigned to each detachment. His place was at the head of the column, while the second lieutenant who directed the movement took his place in the rear except when actual fighting was in progress. The reason for this was simple but sufficing. Americans between battles are only human, and in the course of a trying march through hilly and woody country the temptation to leave ranks in quest of a rabbit or squirrel, of rest, or,—most of all, in quest of water,—was nearly irresistible. To see that it did not become altogether irresistible was the business of the second lieutenant in the rear of the line.

My own guide, Pierre Bonnat, was an Auvergnat, tallish for a Frenchman,—dark-haired, with a high sugar-loaf forehead, melancholy, half-retreating eyes, and a bow-shaped moustache thin enough not to screen the play of sensitive and shapely lips. He had a chipped and splintered English, which invariably proved more useful in a crisis than my own college-born and café-nourished French. Between French and English I came soon to know and love this peasant as one of the most faithful, tender, manly souls whom I had known in any country. His Catholic faith was untouched by the license of the times; he believed in ghosts as simply as his forbears, and was wont to tell a tale of the spirit of a grandsire who, when the family estate was

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in danger through the disappearance of a title-deed, appeared one night to Pierre's oldest uncle, and led him up the stairway to a little loft in which the precious document had been too carefully secreted. "When need is, they come back—*si, si, M'sieu,* they come back," he would say with the meekest insistence when I allowed myself to smile faintly at these delusions. He had a low-pitched, mellow voice, and nature or practice had gifted him with a very low but remarkably penetrating call or whistle, which, heard at a distance, no stranger could have distinguished from the ordinary feral noises of the wood. The men in my detachment had been taught to recognize and obey this call.

On the night before the march, Pierre and I, sitting in my tent, traced together on an official map the route which the detachment was to take on the ensuing day. Pierre spoke of the official map with the extreme deference which masked his contempts, and put on a pleased surprise whenever any allegation of the map agreed with the facts in his memory. Our route lay to the northwest. The great landmark for the stranger was Mont St. Robert, about twelve miles east, mostly hid by the forest, but emerging into plain view wherever a westerly ravine broke the density of the woods. The Germans lay between our route and Mont St. Robert to the east and north, and their fire was expected to diminish toward the close of the day, as our route diverged more and more toward the northwest. Pierre pointed out to me a stone bridge over a stream called the Aure; our arrival at which, some time between four and six P. M., would mean the attainment of comparative safety. These few facts fixed themselves in my mind; the fullness of my trust in Pierre made me slightly inattentive to the rest.

In the morning all went well. The day was fine, the trees were a shield from the sun, and for hours I had no occasion to remind a straggler of his duty. I amused myself by watching Mont St. Robert as it showed itself from time to time through the ravines that seamed the forest. On its side was a decayed fortification of the Roman era, in which windows or rather openings of various size could be made out by the help of a field-glass. I counted twenty-three distinct apertures with various flecks or patches which might be openings or might be stains. The fire of

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the enemy, though often heard, rarely grazed our column. At ten o'clock a ball nipped a soldier's knee; at half-past three a sergeant's cheek was ripped open. When Pierre and I met for a few moments, his tranquillity was reassuring.

In the later afternoon the men's spirits flagged a little; the fire, though mainly harmless, was steady as ever, and about four o'clock I was disturbed by an incident of absolutely no importance, as it seemed, except the importance which the smallest mystery possesses to men traversing an unknown and hostile country. A file like ours is a spinal column in which the vertebrae are men. That column has a spinal marrow which on occasion can quiver from end to end. About four o'clock I felt what I can only describe as a shudder run down this cord and terminate in me. The column scarcely paused; no accident was reported; my inquiries of the half-dozen men in front of me elicited nothing but confused or humorous replies. From that moment, however, I was a little anxious. I had a sense of moving east instead of west, a sense which it was hard to prove or disprove, since the path ran first east, then west, like the lacings of a shoe, and landmarks were rarely to be seen.

I began to look a little eagerly for signs of the end of the day's journey. After four o'clock we might hope to come upon the stone bridge that crossed the little river Aure. Four o'clock came, half-past, five o'clock, but no river. It was nearly six o'clock when Mont St. Robert, which had last been seen about an hour after midday, emerged into clear view through another break in the forest. It looked strangely near and clear, and the impulse to count as a sedative to the nerves made me reckon up again the visible openings on its hoary and broken front. I counted twice: the total was certain; there were twenty-nine. Only one inference was possible: we were approaching Mont St. Robert, from which we should gradually have receded, and were moving northeast toward the points where the German force was concentrated.

I was sure that Pierre had been wounded or blinded; nothing less could have beguiled his vigilance. Hastily halting the line, I made my way forward with some effort, only to find Pierre gone and an American private in the lead. To my angry question

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this man replied a little shakily: "Dead, sir—didn't you know? Shell splinter—the heart. About four o'clock." Between grief, wrath, and alarm, I could hardly put the questions that hurried to my lips. Pierre had died, as the man said, about four o'clock, and the soldier nearest him had tried to send a message back to me. That message had evaporated on the way. It had passed, as it crept down the line, from certainty to probability, from probability to conjecture, from conjecture to a vague hint of unknown evil, till it reached me finally as a shapeless fear. At the point where Pierre fell, the trail was unusually distinct, and the head soldier, in the absence of orders and the vanity of leadership, had pressed on. He had failed to note the point where the trail diverged to the northwest, and we were astray without a guide near set of sun in the depths of an intricate and unknown forest raked by German fire.

The head soldier protested that he could guide us back, and after a moment's irresolution I allowed him to try. Twilight falls early and blurs the trails in a great forest. In a quarter of an hour he admitted his bewilderment. A second tried, a third, I tried myself—all to no purpose. Extrication by our own means at that hour was plainly out of the question. I ordered the men to halt and lie down at intervals of six feet. The distress of the men, though not extreme, was very evident. Brave men are not brave in all situations, even in war. They are brave in certain well-defined situations, and are likely to be overset by something, perhaps not so dangerous in itself, which lies outside their programme of contingencies. The earth and air themselves seem suddenly hostile, and the very stars, gleaming through the tree-trunks, seem to signal their whereabouts to the enemy.

We lay in this suspense for about three-quarters of an hour. We had grown used to all the sounds of the forest, even to the firing and distant shellbursts, when the attention of the troop was suddenly arrested by a new sound—a long, vaguely musical, surprisingly low, surprisingly penetrating sound. The men stirred, half sat up, awaited some signal from me, whispered inaudibly, and, remembering orders, crouched on the ground again. I spoke to the man beside me—a phlegmatic but trustworthy fellow named Jenkins—in what I meant to be a steady voice.

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"Jenkins, you heard that sound?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it?"

"I don't know, sir."

"What do you think it was?"

"Pierre's whistle, sir."

"But Pierre"—I could not end the sentence.

"I know, sir. In the heart."

"Then it's not his whistle?"

"No, sir." (Tone perfectly respectful, but quite incredulous.)

I lay down with a brusque movement intended to bring back Jenkins to his senses. In less than three minutes the sound came again—this time with something like an appeal, an urgency, in its long concluding glide. It brought half the men to a sitting posture. I was not angry with them, but I spoke angrily for all that.

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing, sir." They lay down again obediently.

Something forced me to turn to Jenkins again.

"Was that Pierre's whistle, Jenkins?"

"I think so, sir."

"You think dead men whistle?"

"I don't know much about dead men, sir. But I know Pierre's whistle."

"Is he dead or alive, do you think?"

"I don't know." He stopped, then resumed respectfully: "Does it matter, sir?"

"*Matter?*"

"I mean, I would trust Pierre, alive or dead. He would still be Pierre. I would trust him to help us."

I looked hard at the blurred human shape beside me in the shadow. "Jenkins," I said, "you're the one man of sense in this detachment. Alive or dead, we'll follow his whistle."

I drew the men around me as noiselessly as I could, and told them of my purpose. The red mounted to my cheek in the dark when I thought of re-telling the story to the club at home or reporting it to my senior officer the next day. But the ripple of smothered laughter which I had expected from Americans in-

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formed of a design so puerile did not come. The men were alert, almost hopeful, as I ranged them in a somewhat shortened line and took my place at their head. Jenkins came next, and the third man was a young physician whose advice and skill had served me more than once. The whistle had stopped, and, after my preparations were made, I had a moment's fear lest the redescending silence should prove that I had been a fool. I was almost cursing myself for succumbing to the vagaries of an untaught man like Jenkins, when from the southwest, about a hundred yards away, the sound came again, low, clear, restrained, imperative. I felt the line behind me tighten like a bowstring. "Forward," I said, and we plunged into the gloom.

The travel was very slow at first, but as our feet grew adept in the manners of the ground, we were able slowly to increase our pace. At brief intervals I ordered the men to number themselves—one, two, three, four, etc.—to make sure that no one had fallen from the ranks. After about ten minutes, the increasing firmness and flatness of the ground indicated that we had come upon a trail. We should have lost the track repeatedly, however, but for the variations in the note of the whistle, which took on a sharp, short, warning emphasis when we deviated from the path. The German fire crossed our route rather irregularly and aimlessly from time to time, and I noticed, or thought I noticed, that the voice timed itself to these explosions, bringing us to a halt by its cessation just before a tract of ground in our front was swept by hostile fire. A cheerfulness and trust, remarkable in view of the danger and difficulty that still encircled us, animated the entire column, and I felt its rebound in the rise of my own spirits. We were clearly retracing our route, and I tried to recall remembered objects, though in that darkness it was very hard to make out a correspondence between dim sights and dimmer memories.

I should have been glad to identify the spot at which the route that our companions had taken diverged to the northwest. But any such discovery was clearly not to be hoped for; a route which we had missed in daylight would not disclose itself to the most anxious scrutiny in the dark. The whistle came more and more decidedly from the south; it was guiding us back to our camp of

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the previous day. One spot on that route I still hoped to ascertain, the spot where Pierre had fallen. A moment came when one of the men who had been close to Pierre when he fell pointed out a large oak under which he was nearly sure that we should find the dead body of our guide. He was wrong; there was nothing under the tree but knotted roots and trampled grass-tufts. We resumed our course; he pointed out more timidly another tree, and, on reaching the spot, we came upon a dusky, horizontal object, in which, by the glimmer of the single lantern we had dared to light, we made out successively a body, a face, the face of Pierre. He had bled freely, and the ground beside him was moist to the hand. The doctor felt his heart. "Quite dead," he said. "Has he been dead long?" I asked. "Three hours at least." It was not five minutes since we had heard the whistle, a whistle that seemed bright with the confidence of rescue.

"Go back to the file," I said. "I'll join you presently." I stooped down once more and looked into my friend's face. There was a peace on the lips that might have been taken for a smile. I am an Anglo-Saxon, with a liberal share of the self-curbing instincts of my race, but I think that if the whole troop had been there in full daylight I could not have withstood the impulse which made me stoop and press my lips to Pierre's. As I was about to lift my head I was seized with a still less rational impulse. *I put my ear to those lips.* In the excitement of my shaken nerves I mistook for a sound in the ear what was—what must have been—an echo in the memory. Fancy or truth, I heard these whispered words:

"When need is, they come back."

O. W. Firkins.

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TOO MANY COLLEGE STUDENTS?

BY ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN
Chancellor, New York University

A MAN of business met a college president, away from home and engaged in his customary avocation. The president told of a great crowd of young men clamoring for admission to college. The man of affairs replied, "When your pen is full, why don't you shut the gate?"

There we have the shortest and easiest way: other features of Bishop Hatto's method are not modern. An easy way for a single institution on a private foundation, but what about the country at large? And not altogether easy even in the case of a single institution, for the questions involved, both academic and financial, are nowise so simple as they seem. A tree that ceases to grow in a forest of growing trees has troubles of its own. But for the country at large, as President Angell has recently shown with startling clearness, a new problem of college attendance has appeared, which the obvious solutions fail to solve.

A bulletin recently issued by the Federal Bureau of Education (number 34 for the year 1920, prepared by Mr. H. R. Bonner) presents the statistics of the situation with instructive analyses. It shows the numbers of students in universities, colleges, and technological schools in this country as follows (using only the thousands in the published tables):

One hundred fifty-six thousand in 1890
One hundred ninety-seven thousand in 1900
Two hundred seventy-four thousand in 1910
Three hundred seventy-five thousand in 1918.

While the population of the country had increased 68 per cent, and the wealth per capita had increased 105 per cent, the student body of the colleges and universities had increased 139 per cent. The figures for 1918 were greatly reduced by the war. Even so

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it appears that the rate of increase had been accelerated in the later years of this twenty-eight year period. The incomplete returns for the brief period since the war show a still more rapid increase, an accelerated acceleration; and recent estimates for the year 1920–21 run far over the half-million mark.

From all over the country comes the same story. The violent are taking this kingdom of education by force. Their importunity will not be denied. Already, according to well studied estimates, one person in every 61 of our adult population is found to be a college graduate, or one in 116 of the total population. It is a proportion more than twice as great as that in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, which is commonly placed at one in 250. What the seventeenth century graduate would think of the twentieth century graduate is another story, or what the twentieth century graduate would think of the seventeenth century graduate, if he really knew him.

One reason for this growth in the colleges is to be found in the growth of the high schools. The colleges are like a river fed by many tributaries, all of which have been swollen by freshets. The stream must continue its rapid rise for years to come, even if the freshets should subside—and there is no sign that they will subside.

We must note at this point one of our national characteristics which tends to keep open the channels leading from these middle schools to the colleges. The American people are incurably devoted to the doctrine formulated by Huxley just fifty years ago, of an educational ladder, "the bottom of which should be in the gutter and the top in the university." We cannot abide a blind alley which may not open out to something higher. And the widening of courses and departments of teaching in our universities is a development which plays up to this popular demand. So there is less wonder that already 42 per cent of the graduates of our high schools go on to college or to some other institution of higher grade, while 56 per cent of the graduates of private secondary schools do likewise.

What changes have there been in the life of our people since the year 1890 which may in some measure be reflected in these figures? The changes are too numerous for any extended review

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in this article. But many of them are obvious enough. There are great advances in:

physical science and invention,
manufactures,
domestic trade, with its accompaniments of advertising, banking, and insurance,
foreign trade,
medicine and sanitation,
social thought and social experiment,
public sports and amusements.

The general advance has been less conspicuous in:

jurisprudence and the practice of law,
agriculture,
elementary education,
literature and the fine arts,
politics, ethics, and religion,

but certain developments in these fields also have been of vast significance.

A bill of particulars must be fragmentary at best. To this period belong the aëroplane, wireless telegraphy and telephony, the revolutionary discoveries in radio-activity, the conquest of yellow fever. Exploration has reached the two ends of the earth. We have joined the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. In this country, our last territories, except those in outlying areas, have become States, and our outlying dependencies have extended into the Eastern Hemisphere. We have sent our armies to fight on European soil. We have begun to think in international terms—boldly in the domain of religion, cautiously in commercial relations, and more than cautiously in politics. Governmental change has culminated in four amendments to our Federal Constitution. The relationships of government to industry have become more sharply defined, and industrial unrest has become more articulate. Electric transportation has had its great development. The automobile has grown from nothing to a dominant national interest, with attendant growth of the oil industry. Our building has been transformed by steel-and-concrete construction, and the production of steel has grown to colossal proportions. The moving picture has come to be one of our capital

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industries,while baseball and golf, the football of the colleges, the new music-and-the-dance, have made their cheerful inroads upon our national seriousness and decorum.

These changes and countless others have laid their mark upon our educational institutions. For every industry and business is now on its way to school. Every major human interest is on the way. The pressure of modern life drives them, the prospect of help in their problems draws them. "To-day," as Mr. Charles M. Schwab has said, "industrial conditions favor the college man. Old crudities are disappearing; science is dethroning chance."

But the various occupations are most unequal in their present demand upon the universities, and they have advanced unequally in those demands within this twenty-eight year period. The most consistent enlargement seems to be that made by engineering in its various branches. Here the statistics are available since 1895. They show an increase from thirty-six hundred students in that year to thirty-one thousand in 1918, or 768 per cent.

In agriculture, under Federal leadership, great progress has been made in research and in popular or "extension" teaching, with more moderate but notable gains in attendance on regular courses of instruction of collegiate grade—from thirty-one hundred in 1895 to thirteen thousand in 1918, or 331 per cent.

In medicine and surgery there have been great improvements through research; the related field of nursing has shown great gains in its training schools: but the sharp advance of teaching standards has caused an actual decrease in the number of students in our regular medical colleges. The sixteen thousand in 1889–90 had fallen to thirteen thousand in 1917–18. In law on the other hand the number of students has more than doubled in this time, increasing from forty-five hundred to eleven thousand eight hundred, while the number of degrees granted in law has nearly overtaken the number granted in medicine.

In theology a moderate advance (33⅓ per cent), and likewise in pharmacy; in dentistry and in veterinary medicine a greater advance: meanwhile two great new groups of university schools have developed almost from the beginnings, namely those in commerce and in education.

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It is plain to see that the demand for scientific teaching and research in these various fields is rising. It is a rising demand in all the other main fields of human enterprise. When the more backward occupations, those least professional at the present time, shall have come up to the full measure of educational requirement which their leaders already advocate, shall we not see other thousands of students lining up at the entrance of our colleges and universities? To those who look with alarm upon the recent growth of our student population, there can be offered only the ancient formula of consolation: "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come."

I have not yet stressed the after effects of the war. That tremendous experience has lent impetus to movements that had previously been on the way, it has rendered the academic world more plastic, it has tended to redistribute some of its emphases, but it has not given us a wholly new situation. A forward march has been interrupted by a charge and a bloody encounter, but now the march is resumed—with the old formation rearranged and reanimated. This does not mean that the war has had only slight influence upon our higher education; it does mean that many of its obvious effects are undoubtedly transitory, while its lasting effects will emerge but slowly, over a term of years. No one can yet tell with certainty what ancient good the new time will make uncouth, or what beauty and work of ancient hands it will reaffirm and establish. So far as concerns the number of students, we know there are many in our colleges to-day who would not have been there but for the war; but even if no war had intervened, the tendencies visible before the year 1917 or even 1914 gave promise of a vastly augmented attendance by 1920–21.

The inheritance of a college tradition in American families, after all, provides the core of the student body in all of our older colleges, including many by no means ancient. The college tradition in communities sweeps into the same current many whose fathers were not college men—but wish they were. The fact that every American family, on the average, is twice as rich as it was in 1890 encourages such ambition, in spite of the uneven distribution of this added wealth, and countless aspirations, social, athletic, economic, and spiritual all bend in the same direction.

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Apart from all other influences which have been enumerated, the gathering momentum of this college tradition must be reckoned with. For all of these reasons, it seems inevitable and foreordained that a people such as ours must crowd to the limit whatever classic halls may be provided, bearing the magic name of university or college.

But will those classic halls be provided, with all of their attendant circumstance of costly laboratories, libraries, athletic fields, gymnasiums, auditoriums, dormitories, "unions"—and professors? Will the gate be kept open? That is a question for State legislatures and for private benefactors. They will, beyond question, keep the gate open, to almost any extent, as long as such a course wins popular approval and applause, and as long as the more discriminating among them are convinced that it is for the general welfare.

In what follows, I shall try to show that we do not have too many college students at the present time, and that the point of saturation in this respect is still a long way off.

It is not to be forgotten that a large part of the recent expansion of universities answers to the call of our industries. When General Pershing sent from France for two hundred thousand trained engineers, he simply condensed into an instant demand, under the awful urgency of war, the call that is going up here in time of peace; and not in the field of engineering alone, but in all of those branches of agriculture, trade, manufactures, sanitation, and government which are finding new coefficients in university studies. Of the newer expenditures for instruction and research, probably more than three-fourths are for departments which make a direct and visible contribution to our economic prosperity, and so increase the ability of States and industries to bear the costs of education; to say nothing of collateral thrift from studies less obviously utilitarian, and more cloistered with scientific and spiritual concerns.

But no large policy can be determined on the basis of immediate returns. In education as well as in business we must go deeper. The problem we are considering comes back to a question of our purpose in education as a national interest. Mr. Huxley added to his saying already quoted, that the educational lad-

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der should be one "by which every child who had the strength to climb might, by using that strength, reach the place for which nature intended him." More recently Mr. Fisher, President of the English Board of Education, in presenting to Parliament the estimates for the year 1917, declared that, "We do not want to waste a single child. We desire that every child in the country should receive the form of education most adapted to fashion its qualities to the highest use." In these two utterances we have the substance of the democratic programme in education, whether it be British or American.

We do not intend to waste a single child, for our social fabric has need of them all. At the present stage of our development in America, an overproduction of man power is unthinkable. But wherever human faculty and talent are required, the demand is for the service they can render when fitly trained, and not for the untrained promise of service. In such training lies our great hope of national well-being. A people educated according to their in-born capacities may not be a docile people, but in the long run they will be the strongest and happiest people both collectively and individually.

This view is frankly utopian. When we are at sea we get nowhere unless we observe the heavens; and wise men follow a star. But suppose we had this ideal adaptation of training to the several abilities of our citizens: How many of them would land in our universities? Would there be more of them or less than we have at the present time?

It has long been the hope of educators that they may find ways of discovering the hidden talents of their pupils, with a view to leading them in the several ways that nature intended they should follow. You will find this purpose expressed as far back as the age of Shakespeare, and doubtless as far back as the age of Pericles. Less than a hundred years ago there were publicists of high standing who believed that phrenology would solve this problem. It was a false lead, but good came from it. Our modern psychologists have been somewhat more successful. They have had the chance to try out their tests on a tremendous scale under authority of the War Department of our Government. These tests, with all of their obvious limitations, are be-

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yond question to be taken seriously; not as if they "had already attained," but as a hopeful beginning.

Majors Yoakum and Yerkes, in their little book on *Army Mental Tests*, emphasize the fact that these relate to intelligence only, and add the expressed opinion of Colonel Bingham that they cannot help to-day in specific vocational guidance. Dealing then with the measure of mental ability only and not with its varieties, the ratings are recorded in eight grades or degrees, designed by letters of the alphabet. The highest, those of grade A, are made by men of "high officer type" in the army, who have "the ability to make a superior record in college or university." Grade B represents intelligence that is superior but less exceptional. The men making this grade are of the commissioned or non-commissioned officer type in the army, and "capable of making an average record in college." Of the drafted men examined, from four to five per cent made grade A and from eight to ten per cent grade B.

These figures would indicate that from twelve to fifteen per cent of our male population of the ages represented by the draft have the mental capacity to pursue a college course. Strictly speaking, they prove nothing as yet, for the tests are still in a provisional stage, which calls for revision and redirection. But they lend weight to the surmise, based upon a general review of the field, that the number of our citizens who could pursue advanced studies with profit to themselves and to the community, is far greater than the number now enrolled in our colleges.

We may at least estimate that eventually something over ten per cent of our adult population will be equipped with education, in some one or other of its forms, above the high school grade, and that our industries and professions will require and will absorb this output of highly trained men and women; or that at any given time not less than one per cent of our total population will be enrolled as students in higher institutions of learning. It seems not unlikely that this proportion may be realized within the next twenty to thirty years, if the tendencies already well established shall continue their sweep, undisturbed by new world currents or by national disaster.

But when it has been shown that a further increase of student

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registration is a legitimate expectation, we have only half the story. This is a case in which the corollaries are of greater importance than the original theorem. Among them are the following:

1. With greater numbers, selection becomes of greater importance. If our object were simply to keep out of college as many students as possible, we could accomplish it by a mechanical system of entrance examinations. But the problem is not so simple. A due sense of public responsibility would find expression in three purposes: First, to admit to college all applicants who can pursue a course of higher studies with advantage to themselves and to the community; secondly, to enable matriculants to find the departments or divisions or schools in which they can pursue their studies with greatest advantage to themselves and to the community; and thirdly, to reject all other applicants, either at the beginning or, in doubtful cases, after fair probation—not, however, as casting them into outer darkness, but with some guidance as to ways in which their mode and measure of ability may find its use and training. For the nation at large, no less a programme than this will suffice. But its definitions are still uncertain and the responsibility for its execution is widely dispersed. Nevertheless we must stumble on in this direction until we find the road.

2. How shall we find teachers—as many and as good as are required—for this multitude of students? Our industries and our public will meet with disappointment if they look to the colleges with enlarged expectations and find there a dearth of formative teaching. We are not poor in the promise of great teachers. Among our graduate students and our younger college teachers of the present day, even in a limited search, you will encounter those who seem destined to maintain the finest traditions of the teaching profession. But for so large an undertaking as now opens out before us, when every walk in life is bidding for our strongest men, it is hard to see where we are to find one-quarter of the teaching force, in its higher and highest grades, which these coming decades will require of us.

3. There is increased danger that the superior abilities of a few students may be disregarded or smothered, under the necessity of

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caring for the many. How is training to be intensified instead of being dissipated? The suggestion occasionally made that honor colleges or honor departments be maintained is a two-edged proposal. It carries dangers a-plenty. But in some form or other the purpose of such schools of higher stimulus and opportunity must be attained. It would seem that a college like Amherst or Haverford or Vassar might be so directed as to meet this need in part. Why may not a great university have a Balliol among its colleges? The danger of intellectual snobbery is always present. But we waste our man power when we fail to demand the best of our best students as well as when we offer the best to those who are intellectually or morally incompetent. Is it beyond reason that a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa should be made to function as a real fraternity for intellectual leaders, juniors and seniors, instead of being for them a mere *terminus ad quem?* Here again the trail is not clear, but, like Sentimental Tommy, we must "find a w'y."

There are too many college students if their mere numbers prevent us from giving a fit training to the destined leaders of men within the next generation. But we cannot admit this without confessing a certain bankruptcy of inventive resource, a limitation which as thinking men we shall not accept.

It is all a national problem. While its solution may rest upon separate institutions, our thought on the subject must be national. No college liveth unto itself. Considerations of national prosperity and well-being will come to the fore, as appears in certain paragraphs of this article. But the prime consideration is the making and the maintenance of our national spirit at its best, the consolidation of our gains in right thinking, in righteousness and beauty. For these ends, our number of college students is not too great, if only we can provide them all with the high discipline of genuine teaching.

ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN.

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LORD BRYCE ON DEMOCRACY

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON
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LONGFELLOW's "Morituri Salutamus" needs revising. To its enumeration of the great achievements of veterans there should be made a noteworthy addition. Amply the peer of those illustrious exemplars,—Sophocles, Cato, Theophrastus, Simonides, Chaucer, Goethe,—must be accounted the more than octogenarian author of this *magnum opus*. For if, as Glorious Christopher assured us, Age is the season of imagination, it may have been really a less arduous task to produce "Œdipus Coloneus or Greek Ode" than a much more voluminous work which is the creature not of imagination but of the genius of tireless research, industry, and discretion in marshalling its results.

There are but painfully few of us who can personally recall the delight with which the world welcomed a history of *The Holy Roman Empire*, by a young lawyer named James Bryce, who through that one work stepped into lasting fame. With all the spirit of youth, it had the ripe reflection of mature age; with all the accuracy of an annalist, it had the vivid interest of romance. Thereafter for a quarter of a century we spoke of Bryce as the author of *The Holy Roman Empire* just as we spoke of Gibbon as the author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* or of Motley as the author of *The Dutch Republic*. (For comparisons are by no means always either odious or odorous.) Then in ripe middle age, though that was a generation ago, there came a greater delight and a greater wonder in a work by a Briton which revealed America to Americans better than they had ever seen it for themselves. The work to-day before us is gracefully dedicated to President Lowell, of Harvard, "to whom," says Lord Bryce, "Englishmen are indebted for an admirably lucid and exact description of their government in its theory and practice." With the change of a single word, that amply-deserved tribute

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might with at least equal fitness have been paid thirty years ago to the master-mind who then gave us the work which was thereafter to be the classic source from which succeeding generations of American students should derive authentic knowledge of their own country and its political institutions. So thereafter we spoke of him as the author of *The American Commonwealth.*

Now he is well past the fourscore years whose strength Moses declared to be labor and sorrow. (It occurs to me that if it was really Moses, and not "another man of the same name," as we used to say of Homer, who wrote that matchless Psalm, he somewhat belied his own estimate by himself surpassing that limit of age by fifty per cent and still so far escaped labor and sorrow as to keep his eye undimmed and his natural force unabated.) Yet his vision of the world is even more keen and far more comprehensive, his presentation is if possible more forceful, his wit more nimble, and his judgment more resolute and inerrant, than in what we esteemed the golden time of fifty years ago. If hereafter we shall speak of him as the author of *Modern Democracies,* it will be not in forgetfulness of those earlier achievements, either of which would have assured him enduring fame, but simply because in the presence of the superlative mention of the positive and comparative, however opulent in worth they were, becomes superfluous.

It is not at all surprising, indeed, that his scope of vision should now be far more extended and its keenness more penetrating than in those former works. This present essay is in effect a study of the world, and of the world he has for these many years been a most versatile citizen. The *Holy Roman Empire* and *The American Commonwealth* may be regarded as marking historical antipodes. But the expanses between them and around them were not left empty. They were occupied with essays on the flowers and also on the rocks of the Scottish Isles, and on mountain climbing on the heights of Ararat; with discussions of trademarks, and of citizenship; with studies in jurisprudence, and in contemporary biography; with observations and impressions in South Africa, and in South America. Why should he not, then, from the fulness of his survey and the catholicity of his interest, write on any and every theme of interest to mankind? There is none

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who can more worthily repeat the ancient profession in *Heauton-timorumenos* and declare that because he is a man, nothing can be foreign to him that concerns humanity.

Mankind is indeed the theme of the present work. I have called it a study of the world; but it is of the world of men, rather than of matter. It is ostensibly and technically a study of modern democracies, chiefly as exhibited in the history and organization of half a dozen typical twentieth century republics. As such, it is of encyclopedic value. Lord Bryce has done for France, Switzerland, Canada, the United States, Australia and New Zealand what he did a generation ago for the United States alone. He describes in analytic detail the forms of government of those countries, the methods of administering them, and their merits and demerits. Had *Modern Democracies* not extended beyond such exposition, for that end alone, it would still have been a memorable production.

But it is immeasurably more than that. The author has the spirit of a philosopher as well as of a narrative and descriptive writer. So, by means of that implication which in the hand of a master is often more convincing than direct statement, he makes it clear that governmental forms and ways and means are, after all, of less consequence than the character and spirit of the people. The same forms which exist now, existed centuries and tens of centuries ago, marked with the same merits and demerits, advocated for the same reasons, denounced for the same causes. He aptly recalls the remark of one statesman to another, that "the saddest memories of political life are of moments at which one had to stand by when golden opportunities were being lost, to see the wrong thing done when it would have been easy to do the right thing." That was said by a Persian to a Greek on the eve of Plataea, just twenty-four centuries ago. In all those ages the world has seen great changes, and we must believe that it has made great progress in the art of Government. Yet we are not sure that those words were ever more pertinent and more poignant in their truth than they are at the present moment.

Lord Bryce addressed himself to this gigantic task in a protean spirit. First of all, he had to be an investigator. Not one who began with a preconceived and immovable notion, and sought for

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proofs to substantiate it. Rather was he one with a mental *tabula rasa*, asking "with jesting Pilate"—if he was jesting and not ineffably sad—What is truth? Next he must be a recorder, to set down in orderly fashion, with painstaking accuracy and multitudinous detail, the facts which he had ascertained. And this he did with never-failing lucidity and with something of that charm which was attributed to his former colleague, William Ewart Gladstone, when it was said that he could make the statistics in a Budget speech as fascinating as a romance. Then, finally, he is an unsurpassed explicator, telling us not only the results of his researches but also in the most illuminating and convincing manner why these things are so, and what they mean.

There he halts. The case rests. He has presided over the grand inquest into the status of democracy. He has marshalled all the testimony and all the facts, pro and contra. He has elucidated the meaning of every fact, interpreted all the legal points involved, summed up for both sides, and charged the jury. But he renders no verdict and pronounces no sentence. Whatever may have been in his mind, and whatever those who know him well may read between the lines, he does not say in specific terms what the less thoughtful would have had him say, whether Democracy is a success or a failure, or which of all its varied forms is most auspicious and authentic.

At this, indeed, my own first thought was one half of surprise, half of regret, that he did not take that final step. But that was a thought in haste, before the larger logic of the grand argument appeared. For, as I have said, this work, with all its multitudinous technical details, is in the last analysis no mere review of the twentieth century democracies, but a study of man in his relation to the art and the philosophy of Government; and a demonstration of the familiar proposition of Sir William Jones, that "Men, high-minded men. . . . These constitute a State." The quality of Democracy varies, in times, in places, and among races; but that quality depends upon and is determined by the Demos far more than by the Kratia.

It is thus of the utmost propriety, the very culmination of the author's triumphant logic, to leave the conclusion of the whole matter to the judgment of the Demos. It is not for one to play

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the autocrat, and to tell the democracies of the world whether they have succeeded or have failed, for that would be impugnment and denial of Democracy itself. The essence of Democracy requires that trial and judgment shall be by peers, and that therefore democracies shall be tried and judged by Democracy. It was for the author merely to reveal them to themselves, and then to leave them to the judgment of themselves.

I have referred, however, to reading between the lines. Of Lord Bryce's own convictions there can be no doubt. As Viscount amid the austere reserve of the Gilded Chamber he is no less a Liberal than when more than forty years ago he was Member for the radical Tower Hamlets. Nor is there doubt as to the overwhelming preponderance of indication in this unrivalled expository of the character, the methods and the conditions of the representative democracies of the world to-day. James Madison once said, in I know not what cynical, pessimistic or other unworthy and unprofitable frame of mind, that if every Athenian citizen were a Socrates, still every Athenian assembly would be a mob. Had that been true, Democracy would have been doomed from the beginning. Against that strange, false dictum these two noble volumes present an impressive protest. Athenian assemblies were not mobs, any more than, twenty centuries later, were their natural successors, the town meetings of New England; nor has the collective judgment of democracies usually or often approximated the mob-like standard.

Nor is that true in the direction of domestic affairs alone. In such matters we should naturally expect the people to realize their wants more justly than segregated sovereigns could, and to adopt the best means of supplying them. In the direction of foreign affairs, on the contrary, it would be pardonable to imagine that the judgment of the expert few might be preferable. Yet Lord Bryce points out more than one or two instances of commanding significance in which the popular view of international affairs and of foreign policies was wiser and truer than that of the chiefs of State; instances to which we should not have to go far afield in time or space to make a supremely notable addition.

The competence of democracies is an ancient thing; or at least faith in it is old, perhaps as old as human government itself. We

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think of Plato as an early pioneer in Democracy, but the thing was old before Plato was born. A hundred years before his time, Otanes, in what must have seemed a world-crisis, was declaring that "A popular government bears the fairest name of all, equality of rights. The magistrate obtains his office by lot, and exercises it under responsibility, and refers all plans to the public. I therefore give my opinion that we should do away with monarchy and exalt the people, for in the many all things are found." In twenty-four and a half centuries we have not outgrown that notion. Nor have we, alas! entirely got away from the reproach which Megabyzus cast upon Democracy, when he retorted:

> Nothing is more foolish and insolent than a useless crowd; therefore it is on no account to be endured that men who are endeavoring to avoid the insolence of a tyrant should fall under the insolence of an unrestrained multitude. The former, when he does anything, does it knowingly, but the latter have not the means of knowing. For how should they know who have neither been taught nor are acquainted with anything good or fitting?

There was the prototype of the autocrats and "bosses" of to-day, who decry the competence of Democracy while they use it as their tool; the prototype, too, of those of whom it is related that they formally resolved: "First, that the saints shall inherit the earth; and second, that we are the saints." For with the supreme naïveté of the ages, Megabyzus added, after his diatribe against Democracy: "Let us, having chosen an association of the best men, commit the sovereign power to them; *for among them we ourselves shall be included!*"

Truly, it is not far from the *Thalia* of Herodotus to the *Modern Democracies* of Lord Bryce, with Plato and Rousseau and Jefferson and Tocqueville and an innumerable company dotting the space between. The attempt to identify Democracy with Ochlocracy is as old as Aristotle, while the faith that the voice of the people is the voice of God was ancient before Alcuin made of it an epigram. While therefore modern democracies are the most convenient and the most profitable for our studying, we must remember that Democracy itself is no modern thing, but is as old as the Demos itself. What impresses itself upon us with increasing clearness is the great fact eloquently expressed by our author's colleague Lord Morley—like himself, essentially Democrat and

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only incidentally Peer—to the effect that not only the well-being of the many but also the chances of exceptional greatness, moral or intellectual, in the gifted few, are highest in a community where the average interest, curiosity, capacity, are all highest.

It is an outworn fallacy, discredited a thousand times by the annals of the nations, that Democracy is incompatible with intellectual preëminence, even with the supreme refinements of artistic culture and creative genius. The fact that Athens was a republic and Sparta was a kingdom is memorable and significant for all time. So while, as I have said, Democracy has been contemporary with humanity, it has been the rule of the ages, in spite of wanderings, fluctuations and exceptions, that Democracy has waxed with human progress and has waned with its retrogression. Then as the average of human culture is growing higher, Democracy is being confirmed. Let me employ an *argumentum ad patriam*. A generation ago, in considering the condition and prospects of the United States, Lord Bryce observed that many of the evils which Tocqueville had perceived two generations before, and had regarded as inherent and incurable, had all but vanished. To-day he testifies that there has been further great improvement since he first surveyed us and wrote his *American Commonwealth*. "I am astonished," he says, "at the change, and welcome it as auguring well for future progress."

It is in its reminder and indeed its detailed and convincing demonstration of this inseparable association of Democracy with human welfare that Lord Bryce's great work has its chief, its most vital and its most precious significance. It is in that, too, that all the protagonists of Democracy are most efficient, whether their voices are crying in the wilderness or in the marketplace. Doubtless the future of Democracy, as of civilization and of humanity, is veiled in uncertainty. But whatever happens, as our author declares in one of the most pregnant and inspiring passages that ever came from his pen, Popular Government will take its color from and will flourish or decline according to the moral and intellectual progress of mankind as a whole. For Democracy is based upon the expectation, or the assumption, of certain virtues in the people, and on its tendency to foster and to develop those virtues. "It assumes not merely intelligence, but

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an intelligence elevated by honor, purified by sympathy, stimulalated by a sense of duty to the community."

Strangely enough, Lord Bryce, whose face has ever been turned toward the dayspring, for a moment seems almost to lose hope, when he estimates that the prospect of further progress toward the higher standards which the prophets of Democracy have deemed possible seems less promising now than at any time for a hundred years before the Great War. Presumptuous though it may appear to differ from his judgment, it seems to me that precisely the reverse is true. One of the supreme lessons of the Great War, if not the one supreme lesson, was the necessity, for the welfare of the race, of precisely that human progress which makes for the extension and the confirmation of Democracy. For in the last analysis it was a war of Autocracy against Democracy, in which Democracy won. And as Lord Bryce well says, any free people that has responded to the call of duty and come out of a terrible ordeal unshaken in courage, undimmed in vision, with its vital force still fresh and strong, need not fear to face the future.

That is precisely what has happened to modern democracies in and through and because of the Great War, and for that reason they are to-day facing the future with a more confident expectation of attaining higher standards than they had known in a hundred years before. Our modern democracies are but an integral part and parcel of the age-long and world-old democracies; modern only as the human race is modern, as civilization is modern, as religion is modern, as learning and the arts are modern. They have been developed as these have been developed, and they will endure as these endure. To doubt Democracy is to doubt humanity, and to doubt humanity is to doubt the integrity of the universe and the wisdom and benevolence of its Creator.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

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THE NEW MOVEMENT IN THE THEATRE

BY OLIVER M. SAYLER

In the theatre of our time there are forces at work which for want of a more concrete and definite term are usually designated by those who seek to control them as the New Movement. Although to many this nomenclature may seem hopelessly general and the concept which it seeks to express even more vague and inchoate, there is no escape from the recognition of impulses and aspirations which distinguish our stage from that of our fathers. The spirit of experiment which is abroad in the theatre may be partially a reflex of the general unrest of the age, but it has a genesis so far in the rear of the present day, and it has grown so rapidly through simultaneous development in all of the western countries, that it deserves consideration on its own merits.

The new movement in the theatre like all other impersonal drifts had its birth in a divine discontent with many of the conditions which the stage of the nineteenth century proposed to pass on to the twentieth, and a determination to vitalize and develop the isolated and groping efforts which had sprung from the experiments of Goethe and Wagner. It was dissatisfied with the plays which the dramatists were composing on traditional models; it was out of temper with the formal rut into which acting seemed to have relapsed; it was vexed above all with the cluttered and aimless stage settings which served neither the purpose of interpretative background for the plays nor the ends of intrinsic beauty. In sum, it was irritated by the complacent routine into which the entire process of the theatre had fallen. The leaders of the movement deplored the neglect of the fundamental motive of the theatre: to appeal vividly to the emotions of its audience.

To make the experience of attending the theatre more vivid, to restore the thrill, the terror, the exaltation, the ecstasy of sitting at a play—this, it seems to me, has been the guiding impulse of all those who have made dynamic use of their dissatisfaction

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with the old theatre. To be able to discern in their instinctive urge and their concrete results a continuity which extends from Moscow to New York and from realist to symbolist is reasonable testimony to the existence of a legitimate trend and a sound psychological basis for it. If we can justify the interpretation of the new movement in the theatre as a composite of forces seeking to revivify our stage by heightening the emotional reactions, we shall have a thread running through diverse and contradictory phenomena which may resolve their apparent paradoxes.

Despite several desultory beginnings during the last century, the first clear-cut realization that the theatre had lost its emotional heritage and that it was time to attempt to restore it, came almost simultaneously, a little over two decades ago, to Gordon Craig in England, to Adolph Appia in Switzerland, and to Constantin Stanislavsky in Russia. These three men, working independently, perceived the existence of a problem of the theatre and set out, each in his own way, to solve it. The conditions against which they all protested had been the growth of years, the blind, unintentional incrustation of centuries upon the living body of the theatre. They proposed not to create a new art but to release an old one from its chains and permit it to develop freely under the impetus of its inherent nature. The art of the theatre should not return to the habiliments it wore in the time of Sophocles or of the Italian *commedia dell' arte*, or of Elizabethan England. That would be merely an archeological trick without significance for the emotional demands and opportunities of to-day. Instead, it should strip itself bare of its modern nondescript garments, look with respect and intelligence toward the past and then reclothe itself as its most eager and alert imagination might suggest.

Before Craig and Appia and Stanislavsky, the imaginative theatre was weakened by an aimless, inexpert comprehension of the fundamental laws of aesthetics. Simplicity, emphasis, balance, form, suggestion—none of these was sufficiently understood even by so great a master of his art as Irving, largely because Burne-Jones and Alma-Tadema, who designed his settings, were unable to think of the theatre in terms of a separate art. And the realistic theatre, likewise, stopped far short of conviction in

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its effort to copy life. Reality and unreality often rubbed shoulders at the same time, in the same play. The output of the stages of the 'nineties and the remnants of those days which have persisted until now, were neither flesh nor fowl nor good red herring. To put an end to this futile impasse, and restore to the theatre its rightfully vivid command over the emotions, Craig set out to eliminate realism, to make the theatre more theatrical; Stanislavsky devoted himself and his instrument, the Moscow Art Theatre, to the cause of overcoming the foes of realism, of perfecting the illusion of reality; while Appia, concerned less with either of these extreme solutions, suggested the atmospheric use of light to fuse the jarring elements of the old theatre and provide a plastic background for the movements of the players. All three strove for a clarification of the emotional appeal of the theatre.

Craig's concern for reinstating the emotions in the theatre is implicit in nearly everything he has written in his books, *On the Art of the Theatre* and *The Theatre: Advancing*, and in his journals, *The Mask* and *The Marionette*. It is explicit in many notable passages, only two of which can be quoted here. "The duty of the Theatre (both as Art and as an Institution)," he writes in the foreword to the prospectus for his school, "is to awaken more calmness and more wisdom in mankind by the inspiration exhaling from its beauty. . . . Unimportant is it what subject the artist turns to—his pleasure is to illumine all that he touches so that it shall shine brightly." And in *The Theatre: Advancing*, with the backward glance toward the Greek stage which seeks inspiration rather than an antiquarian holiday, he writes:

> The audience went to the theatre, *not for diversion; not to forget, but tingling to remember*. To remember what? To remember *vitality*, and longing to hear a song about it; dying with impatience to see a play full of it; not with a hectic modern madness or the madness of pain, but with the madness of delight. . . . The Theatre is not a gloomy place, nor a side-splitting place; it is an exciting place, where each man, whether on the stage or in the seats, lends himself to contribute to the excitement—the excitement of Belief, not the excitement of Make-Believe; Reality, not Sham.

With these aims in mind, Craig in his latest book proposes two theatres to replace the present one: a Durable Theatre, devoted to the most universal dreams of the human imagination, housed

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in the noblest structure hands can build, arrayed in precious vestments, and interpreted by a kind of priesthood of players who devote themselves to their art with ascetic zeal; and a Perishable Theatre, where improvisation and spontaneity rule, where the spirit is that of "go-as-you-please" as in the *commedia dell' arte*, and where the elegant, the exquisite and the grotesque chase each other across the scene in airy and light-fingered or intentionally awkward exuberance. Each of Craig's two theatres makes for unity and definiteness and intensity of emotional appeal. The belief he demands is the belief of honesty; the reality he seeks is the reality of recognizing everything as it is and of living up to the pretension. His Durable Theatre is intended to stir the profounder emotions as they have been stirred in times past by religious rites and by the drama which sprang therefrom. In its exalted reality it is something finer than sham. His Perishable Theatre sets its cap at the lighter, though not necessarily the inferior, emotions; it is the sublimation of the impromptu humors and graces and absurdities of the vaudeville and the circus. It, too, is finer than sham, for it is honest.

In contrast with Craig, Stanislavsky chose out of the chaos of the old theatre the very element which Craig discarded: its function of interpreting life by representation. His goal frankly was imitation, make-believe, sham, but a sham so convincing, so fortified with illusion that it would serve the ends of belief and reality. He would copy life so faithfully that he would create the impression that this *was* life which passed on his stage. The merely superficial representation of life, Stanislavsky discovered, would not suffice. Without the inner psychological truth, the outward aspects were dumb; and so through years of experiment, the Moscow Art Theatre finally perfected its process of spiritualized realism, of depicting both explicitly and implicitly the intangible and elusive as well as the obvious phases of life.

Unrest in the theatre, however, did not cease with these two widely divergent secessions nor with Appia's more particularized solution. The Russians themselves have been Stanislavsky's most relentless critics. Terminating his early association with the Moscow Art Theatre, Vsevolod Meyerhold took up a position at the utter pole from realism. He had become persuaded that

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realism, no matter how thoroughly perfected, could not be made really emotionally convincing in the theatre. Why try, therefore? Why not admit that the theatre is a theatre, that it is all make-believe and pretense? There are other emotions and reactions than those which the realistic theatre seeks to arouse; very well, let us make our appeal to these emotions with the curtain removed and the house lights bright; let us change our scenery before the eyes of our audience; let us talk with them about our play and take them into our confidence. That is the line of Meyerhold's reasoning, a line which carries him near to Craig's Perishable Theatre, and links him with Max Reinhardt in Germany.

Still seeking homogeneity and keenness of emotional effect, but understanding the obstacles inherent both in representative realism and in the theatre as circus, the Kamerny, Russia's newest stage, has set for itself the task of combining the essential and workable elements of the methods of Stanislavsky and Meyerhold, a task which Reinhardt, too, has attempted in his later productions. In realism the Kamerny detects a neglect of the sense of form and of gesture, expedients which possess great dynamic value in their power over the emotions; in the theatre as circus, form and gesture seem to be cultivated at the expense of a warm, personal intimacy which realism alone has heretofore utilized in arousing the feelings of an audience. From both of these theories the Kamerny has tried to choose the vital elements which work upon the feelings and to fuse them in varying proportion according to the nature of each individual play.

One of those who has gone wholly outside the traditional theatre for his solution of the problem is also a Russian, Nikolai Yevreynoff, proponent of Monodrama. Deploring the diffusion of interest in the existing theatre like the rest, he has not been satisfied with reviving or reforming that theatre or with devising new means of interpreting old plays more eloquently. Yevreynoff objects primarily to the scattering of the emotional forces of the theatre which results when we extend our sympathy and our interest to one character after another in a play. He intends, therefore, to seize upon the normal and instinctive proclivity of the audience to identify itself with a succession of characters, limit that identification for the sake of emotional emphasis

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to a single figure, which he calls the Ego, and present everything else which appears on the stage—the scenery, the other players, and even the leading figure himself—not as they are but as this leading figure perceives them. The Ego, therefore, becomes a prism through which everything passes on its way to the spectator, and it is conceivable that such a technique in the hands of a master might rouse intense emotional interest.

To the Germans rather than to the Russians went much of the early credit in this country for the new movement in the theatre. The prejudices of war and a broader international outlook, however, brought to light and to acceptance the contributions of Moscow and Petrograd at the expense of a temporary eclipse of German efforts. A calmer mind now should be ready to admit once more the services which the German stages have performed for the movement. The German theatre was better prepared, perhaps, than any save the Russian for the sympathetic recognition and nourishment of such a movement. From the time of Goethe and the Meiningen players in Germany, just as from the days of Pushkin and Gogol and Griboyedoff in Russia, the theatre has been generously supported as one of the arts. It was natural, therefore, that the publication of Appia's book, a direct outgrowth of the Wagnerian tradition, the visit of Gordon Craig to Germany in 1904, and the dramatic renascence in Russia, should make more articulate these latent influences and stir to greater activity such artists as Max Reinhardt and Georg Fuchs who, in Berlin and Munich, were already at work. The activities of the Munich school found expression in so-called stylization, the symbolic simplification of background and the use of rhythmic form to knit together the several scenes of a play and establish a unified emotional line, as well as in a reformation of theatre architecture reaching culmination in the Künstler Theatre. This latter aspect of the Munich group is typical of the mechanical preoccupation of the German movement, a phase which in the form of variously movable stages and lighting equipment it has carried farther than any other country, sometimes to the enhancement of the movement but often to its spiritual impoverishment.

The outstanding figure in the new movement in the German

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theatre, after all, is Max Reinhardt. Around him has centred a storm of praise and incrimination. He has picked up many of his suggestions with an imitative hand, but he has put this borrowed material to practical and often original use, and in addition he has been the pioneer with his theory of the Theatre of the Five Thousand, with his productions of *Œdipus* and *The Miracle* on a vast circus-like scale, and with his attempts by this and other means to bring players and audience into more intimate co-relationship. Since the Armistice, Reinhardt's most radical outposts have been surpassed by a younger group of more positive purposes, the "Expressionists." This group has caught up the symbolic motive of the Post-Impressionists, the Cubists and the Futurists, distilling and intensifying it and making it subjective to the point where the emotional reaction of the spectator is akin to madness.

Considering the confusion among creative artists over the proper path to a new theatre, it is not surprising that the public mind has exercised an indiscriminating choice among opposing forces. Thanks to promiscuous and vaguely defined standards, the Diaghileff Ballet Russe, in its entirety, has been widely admitted to a prominent place in the movement, although it belongs there by virtue of two distinct contributions to a more vividly emotional theatre, which stand out from the general body of its work: the fusing of all the elements of pantomime, dance, music, and setting, into a unified whole in the ballets of Stravinsky and the brilliant and exotic costumes and settings of Bakst, Benois, Golovin, Roerich, and other artists. The latter contribution, oftener than not, has been so startling as to throw the finished production out of that balanced proportion which the new movement has sought primarily to attain. Nor has the Russian Ballet been alone in this one-sided development, for wherever the scenic background has been so surprising as to draw attention to itself, its intrinsically emotional values have been a detriment rather than an advantage to the theatre.

It is significant of the present poverty of the French, the Italian and the English theatres that Copeau, the foremost artist of the French theatre, a man of eclectic rather than of creative faculties, has made the single original contribution to the new movement

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of an extremely simplified stage whereon the actors' efforts could be emphasized; that the Italians have disclosed only a sporadic gift in the futurist, Marinetti; and that the English are represented only by the exploits of Granville Barker as a producer in imitation of Craig by second remove through Reinhardt. The futility of the contemporary English desire to restore to the theatre its emotional rights seems to be typified by the spiritistic dramas of Sir James M. Barrie.

America, on the other hand, is rife with experiments leading toward a more vividly emotional theatre. Results are finally appearing from the leaven introduced by Craig's writings, by rumors from Moscow, by the fleeting glimpses of Reinhardt's *Sumurûn*, by the return of observant travellers like Robert Edmond Jones, Sam Hume, Kenneth Macgowan, and Hiram K. Moderwell, by Sheldon Cheney's intuitive interpretation of men and methods from afar, by the chronicles of the Boston *Transcript* under H. T. Parker, and the *Theatre Arts Magazine*, and by the advent of Maurice Browne and Joseph Urban to work among us. A movement foreign in its sources and its inspiration is in process of becoming thoroughly and honestly American. Its imitative period is passing with the development of original native ideas, with the increasing assurance of hands apprenticed abroad, with the growing freedom and expanding numbers of independent groups like The Theatre Guild and The Provincetown Players in New York, and with the tolerance which the commercial theatre is beginning to extend to new ideas.

So far as the new movement in the American theatre has been intelligently conscious of its aims, it has found expression almost wholly in the work of its scenic artists. The designers have progressed more rapidly than the writers and actors and producers of plays. Unless these other partners in the problem awake to their opportunities and responsibilities, unless they provide the designers with something to challenge their impatient powers, another instance may be added to the long record of artistic miscarriages due to the failure of all the necessary component elements to appear at the same time. It will not do for the scenic artists to rest on their oars and wait for the others to catch up with them, for their gifts would then be atrophied. Either they

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will have to stimulate their co-workers with some of their own enthusiasm or they will have to learn the other crafts of the theatre and perform the whole task themselves.

There is evidence to-day that both of these processes are under way. Already, we have a producer in the heart of Broadway, Arthur Hopkins, who is facing the problem of making the theatre more dynamic, not in a weakly imitative way, but with the stubborn belief that we can contrive our own solution. The last two seasons, too, have revealed a playwright in Eugene O'Neill who comprehends the function of feeling in the theatre but ties himself to no single limited channel for serving that function; imaginative drama, such as *The Emperor Jones*, is as spontaneous with him as the stark realism of *Diff'rent*.

American designers, though, are not waiting for new plays to be written and new theories of production to be devised or revived from the past. Side by side with his labors as designer for Arthur Hopkins' revivals of *Richard III* and *Macbeth*, Robert Edmond Jones has been applying a keen and original imagination to the task of foreseeing what the theatre of the future may be like. That theatre, he thinks, may disclose a poet who expresses himself not necessarily in words, but by those media which give a sense of significant form: color and light; detached, evocative words; the beginnings of gesture; masks; less of character drawing and more of the embodiment of abstract passions; characters depicted as larger than life—not *über*-marionettes nor supermen, but groups of men, viewed as from an aeroplane, forgetting themselves as individuals with everyone lost in a common pursuit; and scenic setting not like a picture but resembling rather a picture puzzle with the essential elements withheld until the meaning of the play is disclosed as a whole. Such a play in such a theatre, he believes, might consist of a few hundred scattered words and page on page of stage directions. In all this, Jones is struggling to formulate a theatre which will leave the utmost possible to the imagination of the spectator.

Norman-Bel Geddes, another designer who has carried the principle of significant form to eloquent realization on both the operatic and dramatic stages, is likewise reaching out through metaphysical channels to a theatre which will have deeper, more

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compelling emotional power. Geddes believes that even those playwrights who have achieved intense command over the feelings by what seems to be the most concentrated economy of means, have missed a large share of their opportunity by failing to take cognizance of the great impersonal forces which control human life. He would dramatize these forces, therefore—such a force, for example, as that which manifests itself at one time as love and at another as hate. If he embodied them in form or aspect visible or tangible to the audience, he would disclose them as affecting more or less powerfully the individuals in a given scene according as they approached near to those individuals or receded from them. In any case, whether they were embodied or not, he would have the playwright work with them in mind to the end that his play would gain astonishingly in relentlessness, intensity and emotional tenacity.

Another of the designers of the younger generation, Herman Rosse, an architect by training, would remake the stage and auditorium of the theatre in various ways in order to conform to the divergent demands of the several forms of drama which the new movement has developed or suggested. Rosse is deeply interested, as well, in the possibilities of moving scenery—either actually moving or giving that effect by projected light—for the sake of a background which will flow in plastic line with the course of the dramatic action and unify the performance. There are other forces, other personalities, contributing to the new movement in the American theatre, such as the revival of the use of the mask by Rosse and Jones and W. T. Benda; and the dramatization of an entire community which Percy MacKaye has attempted in his civic masques.

There is hardly a phase of the new movement in the theatre which is not beset with obstacles to its effective realization. In some cases the difficulty seems to be inherent in the proposal or in the psychological equipment of the normal human audience; in others it seems to arise from the imperfection of the mechanical and spiritual means at hand, a difficulty which may conceivably disappear with the improvement of the one and the exaltation of the other. Realism as a method of artistic expression, even when utilized with the patience and thoroughness and insight of Stanis-

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lavsky, appears to have ingrained in it a double defect; the inevitable element of approximation and the lack of symbolic gesture and rhythm amounting to an unavoidable loss of significant form. In general, too, it must be obvious that whenever the thought of mechanism obtrudes, then the expedient becomes a mere trick and defeats its purpose. The arbitrary and unrealistic use of light, for instance, especially the rapid change from one color to another, such as Maurice Browne and some of the Russians are accustomed to utilize, must have almost superhumanly expert control to avoid this pitfall. Another impediment to effective emotional control appears when symbolic methods are pushed so far along arbitrary lines that a key is necessary to avoid confusion.

The most discouraging obstacle thus far encountered, though, is the lack of coöperation on the part of contemporary playwrights. The newer developments in dramatic theory and practice, it would seem, should serve as a challenge to the dramatic author. With the exception perhaps of Tchekoff and Gorky, who did their best work under the stimulus of Stanislavsky and the Moscow Art Theatre, the new movement has had slight assistance from the writers of plays; and the proponents of theory, the builders of theatres, the producers of plays, and the designers of settings and costumes have been thrown back on the revival of works out of the past. Until the playwright of to-day composes drama intended especially to be interpreted by these allied forces, the movement cannot attain its complete fulfillment.

As a result of these obstacles which extreme theories seem to carry with them, the future course of the new movement in the theatre is likely to be eclectic, fusing into a form of compromise the most valuable elements of conflicting theories and thereby cancelling their weaknesses. The success of opposing methods, however, is only to be expected in the light of the wide divergence in human sympathies and preferences; but where individual theories and methods remain, they will do so because they have proved to be effective in stirring the human emotions.

OLIVER M. SAYLER.

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CARDINAL GIBBONS: CITIZEN

BY ALLEN SINCLAIR WILL

Author of the *Life of Cardinal Gibbons*

THE judgment passed by his fellow countrymen upon the citizenship of Cardinal Gibbons was crystallized in the public comments at the time of his death, but these comments were only a reinforced expression of a national verdict that had been firmly fixed for a third of a century.

Such doubts of Cardinal Gibbons's civic rating in the nation as had been engendered by prejudice concerning religion had long been negligible in extent. While Cardinal O'Connell eulogized him at his death as "America's first and finest citizen," Bishop Murray, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Maryland, which is nearly coextensive with the Catholic archdiocese of Baltimore, went even further by expressing the conviction that "certainly no contemporary has contributed quite so much to the history of American life in all its departments" as this "true patriot." Rabbi Schulman extolled his virtues and eminent services as having "endeared him to the American heart." In the view of President Harding, who as a United States Senator had known the Cardinal personally, "he was the very finest type of citizen and churchman."

Clearly it was the quality of Cardinal Gibbons's citizenship rather than any direct result in legislation that he has left as a national heritage. Indeed, his participation in public affairs might have been wholly lacking in specific accomplishment without affecting either the general nature of the public reaction to it or the extent of that reaction. The mind of the nation was less disposed to dwell upon what he did in his capacity as a churchman, or outside that capacity, than upon the fact that he did not mingle the two relations, but rendered "to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." It was not so much concerned because he was on the popular side

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of any question (for instance, in regard to his warnings against Socialism and Bolshevism) or the losing side (as in his opposition to the woman suffrage and prohibition amendments) as with the consideration that he had the courage to declare his views freely and without rancor whenever he saw the necessity of doing so. It came to be unquestioned that partisansh p did not enter at all into his conduct as a citizen, and that expediency could neither subdue nor intensify the voice of the preacher who sought to sway only by the force of truth and reason.

The public seemed always ready to turn from the highly seasoned diet of political controversy with which it was regaled by party aspirants or men in public office to the solid and substantial mental food which the patriot-prelate placed before it. The general sanity of his political and social thinking caused the deepest part of the impression. In a country where public opinion is, to a great extent, the real ruler, that sanity was welcomed like a draught from a pure spring upon the lips of a thirsty traveler. The whole nation seemed to accept him as its favorite adviser.

What, then, was the foundation upon which the Cardinal built his own type of citizenship that appeared to be so distinctive? Was there anything in it unattainable by the ordinary man who may wish to emulate him in this respect? Was it in part due to his position in life, to superior mental gifts, or in any other way to exceptional opportunities? On the other hand, did he set an example which, in its essentials, may be followed by all, and which, therefore, all may find profit in analyzing and applying in their own lives? Upon the answers to these questions depends the permanence of the civic legacy he has left.

In the first place, it may be observed that the citizenship of Cardinal Gibbons was a by-product, just as citizenship ought to be and must be in the case of the great majority. He held no position except that of an Archbishop and Cardinal, with related Church functions, and might have avoided all unofficial civic responsibility—the only kind which it was possible for him to exercise—without his course being considered in the least degree unusual. There was easily open to him a viewpoint like that of the busy merchant, the highly engrossed lawyer, or the over-

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worked artisan who "has no time" for participation in public affairs beyond, perhaps, casting an occasional vote. He might have assumed the aloofness of some moralists who do not wish to "soil their hands" with such things. Besides, there was the ever present custom of many churchmen of all creeds, who avoid the civic relation either because they feel that it is not a part of their spiritual mission or that their motives may be misunderstood.

No such consideration entered the mind of Cardinal Gibbons. He could not be in the world and not of it, in the best sense. In the institutions of his country he saw not merely a material structure providing for material needs. To him the American system was a manifestation of the working of Divine Providence for the welfare of men. The nation of which he was a member was in his view a providential nation, raised to diffuse the blessings of liberty not only for itself, but as an example to all the world. That any effort by him should be spared to keep it true to the exalted mission which he believed it to possess would have appeared to him unthinkable.

Thus when other churchmen, Catholic or non-Catholic, sometimes refused to take part in public movements in his own community of Baltimore, the Cardinal lent a ready ear to pleas for his potent coöperation in them. He came to be the greatest civic asset that the city possessed. Conspicuously loyal as he was to his city and his State, however, he was at heart an American nationalist, and was always reaching out to that view which would embrace all who dwelt under the flag.

A characteristic of his citizenship, which had its root in his nationalism, was that, as his closest associates have abundantly borne witness, he seemed incapable of thinking in terms of class. In his view the very essence of the republic was cheerful acquiescence in the majority verdict for the common good, and the casting of the ballot on the broad consideration of the general well-being rather than the special interest of the individual. His writings and other public expressions show that he abhorred the thought of groups of foreign-born citizens clinging together on the basis of previous nationality. Many years back, when the drift of world opinion was strongly set against the labor unions, he was

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the foremost champion in the Catholic Church of their essential rights, before the Encyclical on Labor of Leo XIII gave permanent recognition to those rights. But the labor vote was no less repugnant to him than any other vote that fell short of the conception that the highest good of all was the best protection of the individual.

For his Church he asked no favors, being content with the equal rights respecting religion guaranteed to all under the Constitution which, he was always ready to maintain, amounted in reality to powerful protection. He was uttering one of the supreme tenets of his life when he declared only a short time before his death that religious intolerance was the greatest of all dangers in this country, where, if it were allowed to fester, it would poison the whole body politic. In his opinion, "union of Church and State often meant interference, and American liberty meant the opportunity to win men to the faith free from the vexation of human complications."

The only occasion, as far as I can recall, when he ever intervened in a public question in which the interests of the Catholic Church were involved was in regard to the settlement of the friar lands question in the Philippines, upon which the pacification of the Islands depended after the Spanish War. He was extremely reluctant to take any steps in that matter, and did not do so until the Government at Washington seemed to have used its last resource in unsuccessful efforts to bring about a solution. Then, without expressing any view or wish of his own, he obtained a statement of the Government's own terms, and by means of his powerful help, the settlement was reached on precisely that basis. For this, as well as other services which did not concern the Church, he received the gratitude of the White House.

Another example which the Cardinal set was the value which he placed upon the franchise of the individual and the regularity with which he exercised it. He considered that one of his main duties in each year was to cast his ballot, and only physical inability could prevent him from doing so. Failing to register on the poll-books was a dereliction of which he seemed to be incapable.

He fortified himself for the duties of citizenship by thorough study of our Constitution and history. Early in life he took

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pains to familiarize himself with the origin and nature of American institutions, and throughout his long career he continued to add to his store of knowledge on those subjects. American history was his favorite secular reading and Washington was his favorite secular character, with Franklin, perhaps, next in his estimation. He loved to dwell upon the links between those two men and John Carroll, first Archbishop of Baltimore, who organized the Catholic Church in the new Republic in harmony with American institutions and, at an earlier stage, had accompanied Franklin to Canada on the mission of attempting to win the people of that region to the cause of the thirteen colonies in the Revolution. Even in his last illness the Cardinal, while confined to his bed, had von Holst's bulky history of our country read to him.

Extreme methods in the prohibition crusade were repellent to him, for, while he had been a worker for temperance from his youth up, he saw a general danger to national standards in putting unenforceable laws on the statute books. He was never disposed to close his eyes to "our shortcomings as a nation," as he said in Rome in a speech in which he gave one of the best defenses of American institutions that he ever uttered.

Next to a possible rise of religious intolerance, Cardinal Gibbons seemed to fear most the introduction of harmful foreign influences in America through the wave of immigration. In the great battle against "Cahenslyism" which he led in the last decade of the century just passed he obtained ecclesiastical decisions which, in effect, placed the Catholic Church in the position of an active force for the Americanization of foreigners who come here. This victory, perhaps, gave him greater satisfaction than any other which he obtained in his life of intensity and struggle. In a dramatic sermon which he preached in Milwaukee at the climax of the agitation on this question, he spoke words which remain as a monument of his aspirations. "'God and our country!' this be our watchword," he exclaimed, "next to love of God, should be love of country. . . . It matters not whether this is the land of our birth or our adoption. It is the land of our destiny."

ALLEN SINCLAIR WILL.

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INDUSTRIAL CONSOLIDATION

BY CHARLES R. FLINT

A TRADES Union is a combination of labor.

A University is a combination of intelligence.

A Bank is a combination of capital.

An Industrial Consolidation is a combination of labor, intelligence, and capital.

The mere combination of these factors, however, is not enough —it must function through the most complete coöperation of work, brains and money for the highest efficiency.

There was a time when capitalization and finance were regarded as the all important factors, and when it was thought that if only enough units were combined, the consolidation would be successful. This conception, to a very large extent, still prevails—so much so indeed that often the most important advantages of consolidation are lost sight of. The industrial consolidation which endures must be organized to do things on a more comprehensive scale, and better, than ever before—in short, must be managed by intelligence of the first order in full coöperation with labor and capital.

Industrial consolidations, however, have been greatly hampered by unwise legislation advocated by those who either sought political advantage through currying popular favor or by those who, through inexperience, regarded consolidations as potentialities for evil; but the irresistible force of world affairs has opened up new points of view.

Chief among these is an increasing appreciation of the importance of the engineering and research phases of industry, and an almost unanimous sentiment for coöperation as against wasteful and destructive competition. Not only are our business men adapting themselves to the new conditions, but also the public mind is awake to the necessity of these new factors—a most important accomplishment in view of the fact that

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for years we have had great business opportunities but have lacked both public and governmental encouragement for their development.

The President and his advisers are now infusing the new spirit into their plans for freeing American business from all unnecessary artificial restraints, thus making full and general use of the principles and practice of coöperation. The Secretary of Commerce has long been the foremost exponent of the coöperative and engineering points of views which it is reasonable to expect will now predominate in our Government's attitude toward business, supported and sustained, as seems probable, by a better informed and more appreciative public. We cannot take the fullest advantage of these larger opportunities without industrial consolidation.

What, precisely, have been the demonstrated advantages of industrial consolidation? The consolidation principle for many years has undergone severe tests which have proved its worth. So far as pecuniary profit goes the results are well known. Industrial dividends during the past five years have amounted to over $2,500,000,000 and investments in manufacturing have increased during the past twenty years from $9,000,000,000 to over $25,000,000,000.

The reasons behind the almost complete record of success of wisely organized and ably managed consolidations are not far to seek.

Most important of these reasons is that, through industrial consolidation, high-speed-automatic-machine- and low-cost-quantity-production are attainable up to the point of highest evolution—the continuous *manufacture of one standardized product.*

Because of the magnitude of their affairs, industrial consolidations are able to offer in salaries and in a percentage of net profits generally over and above a previous maximum, a sufficient inducement to secure men of the first order of ability—men who are not tempted by a fixed salary, but by the incentive of making a record and profiting by it.

The consolidated corporation sub-divides its business so that at the head of each of its various departments is a man who, through long experience and concentration, operates at the

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highest efficiency. Furthermore, industrial consolidations are able not only to secure the best men as executives, administrators and employees, but also to retain men of the highest standing in the consultative professions,—lawyers, engineers, architects, chemists and other advisers and technicians. Thus better service is assured with less overhead cost than the aggregate amount which was paid to men of lesser capacity by the various constituent companies.

The consolidation not only adopts the best methods to be found in any of its various plants, but improves them through continual experimentation by the ablest experts.

It reduces stocks of merchandise, thereby saving interest, and carrying charges and minimizing loss from depreciation.

It centralizes sales and advertising, and eliminates duplicate trade catalogues.

It centralizes purchases, and secures important benefits through quantity and time contracts.

It greatly reduces the volume of fixed and circulating capital per unit of output.

It retains lawyers and experts of experience and demonstrated ability for patent and trade-mark protection. By consolidation, inventive genius is less hampered by conflicting patents and expensive litigation is largely eliminated.

It locates factories with relation to labor, raw material and markets.

Throughout the country are many examples of raw materials and fuel being hauled hundreds of miles to a factory, and the finished product carried hundreds of miles back to centres of consumption. Many of these locations have become obsolete from changed conditions, often relics of ancient happenings. The whim of a poor Welsh shoemaker in colonial days fixed Lynn as a great shoe manufacturing centre. A German's skill in knitting for his neighbors in the Pennsylvania German colony centred the stocking industry of America in Philadelphia. The cotton industries have been relocating in the South, nearer to raw material and cheap labor; the shoe industry is relocating in the West, nearer to skins, hides and large consumption.

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The best arguments for industrial consolidation are the industrial consolidations themselves.

One which illustrates in marked degree the development of the possibilities of consolidation is the Standard Oil Company. Its executive committee met daily, availed itself of comparative accounting and comparative administration, and placed at the head of each department one of its ablest men who was held responsible for a hundred per cent efficiency. The organizer, who became the largest single shareholder, believed in "team work" and that each member of the executive committee should be an important shareholder.

Its executives did not go to sleep behind the tariff wall of protection; but confident in their strength through consolidation, they boldly entered the contest for the world's markets in competition with the cheap labor and great natural resources of foreign lands. By utilizing and developing the possibilities of consolidation, they not only reduced the prices of their products in the domestic market to an average of 40% below what consumers had been paying to individual concerns, but when the United States was a debtor nation, the exports of Standard Oil products were so large that when J. Pierpont Morgan in 1893 asked for $50,000,000 in gold to replenish our Government's $100,000,000 gold reserve, this pioneer industrial consolidation by the export of its products that year, contributed over $30,000,000 in gold equivalent towards maintaining America's credit.

Among the less well known examples of industrial consolidations and their significant benefits may be cited the Oil Cloth Consolidation. Until this consolidation was effected, oil cloth as a commodity was "a football in the market place." Its quality was low because of the fierce competition on price alone; the distributers and consumers respected neither the goods nor its makers; the conditions were chaotic, consumption low, profits nil and the field unattractive. Consolidation of this industry radically changed the situation for the better in three years. The consumer now is getting dependable quality, the distributers a fixed rate of profit, and the makers have a business which is stable and profitable. Many other lines of trade now in a

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position of chaos and impending disaster would benefit from the same treatment.

The consolidation which is the largest known to economic history, the United States Steel Corporation, is another example of the advantages of a wisely organized and ably managed consolidation.

Its prices have consistently held to stable levels, yet its profits have been steadier and larger than those of the individual companies.

All well-managed industrial consolidations utilize the advantages of a central traffic control which eliminates duplicate routes in the transportation of products, sold and received, but the Steel Company went still further and made a great reduction in unnecessary transportation by plant relocation.

One of the first results of its formation was the projection of a new city, scientifically located—Gary, Indiana. Here, at a point precisely engineered between cheap, water-transported ore and fuel, and the centre of distribution of the finished products, great modern mills, homes, churches, schools, etc. were erected upon what had been desert sand dunes.

Such a plan for efficiency could not have been carried out on such a scale except by a gigantic industrial consolidation.

A vivid insight into the relative efficiency of an industrial consolidation and the smaller and less able manufacturer is afforded by the investigations of the Tariff Commission under President Taft, in an effort to ascertain "the differences of cost in production between here and abroad." It developed that in the United States the consolidated manufacturers had, as a rule, conspicuously low costs, while the unconsolidated, isolated manufacturers had relatively high costs.

As a test of the permanency of the advantages of industrial consolidation it may be asked, how have the industrials fared in times of financial stress? The answer is conclusive. The blackest period for American business since industrial consolidations have been in existence began in 1893. In those hard years the sugar, rubber, tobacco, oil, lead, electric and match consolidations weathered storms which brought their un-consolidated competitors to the verge of ruin.

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Moreover, we all recall that during the World War the highly developed manufacturing facilities and organizations of our industrial consolidations made up in very large measure for our lamentable lack of preparedness for entry into the War.

The industrial consolidation is a modern illustration of the fable of the bundle of sticks which, though breakable separately, gain great strength, out of all apparent proportion to their number, when combined.

We are now brought to a consideration of the great and significant new trend in American business which, to all constructive students of industry, presents a rich vista of possibilities for business development and extension which are not now viewed in the same narrow light by business men as perhaps they were before the day of Roosevelt and his quickening of the business conscience. To-day they are viewed (1) as profit possibilities, (2) as labor welfare possibilities and (3) as public service possibilities—all three being the net results of coöperative and scientific developments in industry.

A keen sense of public and fiduciary responsibility has been developed not only on the part of large corporation executives, but—which is more important—among shareholders, whose servants, after all, the corporation executives are. This is largely due to the fact that the public has become an industrial shareholder to a very extensive and rapidly increasing degree.

For instance, five industrial consolidations, the United States Steel Corporation, the Standard Oil Company, the United States Rubber Company, the American Woolen Company and the Computing-Tabulating-Recording Company together have over 200,000 shareholders. This public participation in ownership—which is industrial profit-sharing in every sense of the word—has been made possible through industrial consolidations, which, instead of operating for the private profit of a few, as did old-fashioned business, now operates for the profit of many shareholders who are sometimes more numerous than the customers to whom they sell. It is estimated that over 300,000 employees are financially interested in the industrial consolidations in which they work.

The shareholders in the Standard Oil Company and affiliated companies have received cash dividends of $1,585,000,000, and

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the market value of its shares has increased from about $56,000,000 to over $2,100,000,000.

The shares of the United States Rubber Company, the American Tobacco Company, and other notable consolidations have paid to the investing public large dividends and their shares have doubled in value.

The 185,000 investors in shares of the United States Steel Corporation have received in cash dividends over $1,000,000,000 and its common shares since 1903 have increased in market value over $350,000,000.

But there are more serious reasons for industrial consolidations than these which we have been considering.

The United States has its industrial future to defend.

We must meet the competition of the cheap labor countries, cheaper now than ever before because of wages being paid in depreciated currency. We must in some way make up for the great difference between the low wages of these countries and the high wages paid in America. That difference cannot now be made up by a protective tariff, although a sufficient degree of tariff protection should be maintained.

Conditions have changed. A tariff bill framed without taking into consideration the fact that high duties, unwisely levied, increase the high cost of living and interfere with the free operation of the law of supply and demand, would defeat the very purpose for which it was intended.

This was forecast years ago by Senator William M. Evarts, then sage of the Republican party, at a private dinner on the eve of Ambassador Coolidge's departure for France. The Senator reviewed our changing economic conditions and said to us that we were destined to become the greatest exporting nation of the world. Reciprocity, which had been advocated to relieve trade congestion, he regarded as the highest evolution of protection, and warned his fellow Republicans against carrying the protective policy so far as to lead to a war of tariffs.

We have standards of living higher than anywhere else on the globe in compulsory competition with the cheap labor and consequent low standards of living of the rest of the world. More than that, we are handicapped by the close and intimate coöpera-

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tion of foreign Governments with their business enterprises; combinations of government and capital to a degree yet unpracticed here.

Since tariffs alone cannot solve the problem, we must meet such foreign competition in greater degree than ever *by lower unit costs through industrial consolidation, industrial relocation and standardization.*

Labor is coming to a realization that production per man must be increased; that mediocrity, slacking and shirking must not be tolerated if our high standards of living are to be maintained.

It is logical to assume that the trials of strength now immediately before us and to come later on in the shock of impact with desperate foreign competition will best be met by an extensive re-engineering and consolidation of American industries. Every person in this country—wage-earner, farmer, manufacturer, consumer, merchant, or banker, is anxious to know whether superior organization, the greater efficiency of labor and superior man-power attainable through the evolution and larger use of labor-saving devices will be sufficient, with the assistance of a logical protective tariff, to maintain the well-being of the American people. It certainly will not be if the industrial leaders of Europe are to be left free to adopt the best methods of organization while Americans of constructive ability and enterprise are to be handicapped as in the past by unnecessary legal uncertainties, unwise legislative attempts at regulation and blind antagonisms.

CHARLES R. FLINT.

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OF A BEAUTIFUL POEM

(Three Voices)

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

I

Lifeblood and spirit-fire
  Went to its making:
Surely the maker found
  (His for the taking)
All a kind world could show
  Of gracious living,
And happy stars could give,
  Lavishly giving—
Honor and easefulness,
  Wealth to buy leisure,
Beauty of man's device,
  Nature's high pleasure,
White moons to glorify
  Times of far roaming,
Orchards in bloom to make
  Sweet the home-coming.

II

Lifeblood and spirit-fire
  Went to its making:
Surely the maker found
  Naught for free taking.
It was a warring soul
  Flamed in such fashion,
Not from a heart at ease
  Bled this pure passion.
Honor he served the while
  Loud tongues decried him,
Beauty the more because
  Much was denied him;

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Pain in the darkness laid
  Paths for his roaming,
Thorn-branch and rue were cut
  For his home-coming.

III

Lifeblood and spirit-fire
  Went to its making:
Who knows what planet ruled
  At its awaking?
Plenty may starve a soul,
  Dearth feed another,
Joy bring to one the gift
  Grief gives his brother;
One finds a Calvary
  In Eden-places,
One builds all beauty from
  Beauty's faint traces. . . .
Weal-star or bale-star may
  Pilot the roaming,
Yet will a singer's heart
  Sing at home-coming.

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THEOCRITUS

BY MARY-LAPSLEY CAUGHEY

δ' ου πολέμους, δ' ου δάκρυα

Not of war, nor of tears did he build his song,
For the hills and the fields and the shepherd throng
Are caught in his delicate net of words,
With the dread wood-nymphs and the grey sea birds.
Daphnis, he sang. "Daphnis is dying now.
Ye violets bear thorns, ye cattle bow
Your heads and weep for Daphnis." And he sang
Of Polyphemus till the meadows rang.
Of Aeschines he sang; then bowed his head
And sang of Amaryllis loved, yet dead.
Then in a gladdened tone he told the tales
Of goatherds' loves in still Sicilian vales.
There the cicada with a noisy note
Chirped in the pine tree while the poet wrote.
Within his verse he caught the hum of bees
That haunt the flowers underneath those trees.

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THE TEST OF THE SYMPOSIUM

BY GEORGE BOAS

"AFTER all," said Jackson, cracking an almond in his fingers and throwing the shells into the fire, "after all, what makes a man really great is whether he could have held his own in the *Symposium*. When you consider the type of men Plato gathered together for conversation with Socrates, you realize that they were of a level far above that of our contemporaries. Is there a man living to-day who could have taken part in that entertainment?"

The Young Logician, who was lying stretched out on the couch wrapped in a Navajo blanket, was about to answer when Jonas walked to the piano, which had been calling to him all evening, and began to play the first prelude and fugue in the *Well Tempered Clavichord*.

At that the Young Logician kept his peace. He knew that he must do Jonas the honor of listening in silence and he knew that, even if Jonas should accept his interruption, he would never forgive what he had to say about the prelude.

But to his surprise, Jonas cut his playing short and moved with his peculiar glide to the wood-box behind the screen, where he concealed his stove, his fuel, and his food.

"I hate that prelude," he said with more sadness than venom. He laid a redwood slat on the fire. "I know it is beautiful, but I hate it all the same. It has been spoiled for me by that wretched Gounod *Ave Maria* which has been tacked on to it. Every time I play it I seem to hear some fat soprano wailing that melody, or some bawling tenor, or the youngest Russian violinist, whose technique is superb and whose taste is vile, fiddling it."

"I know what you mean," said Jackson, "to have put that melody upon that prelude is like putting a Bernini statue upon the Parthenon. But, my dear fellow, it is characteristic of our civilization, which will never learn the right thing in the right place."

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"Nonsense," said the Young Logician, twisting about on his couch, "all civilizations are the same. They are all bad."

"In Greece—" started Jackson.

"In Greece they were as vulgar and as cheap as in Los Angeles. By Greece you mean Athens and by Athens you mean those thirty years under Pericles from 460 to 430, when, I grant you, more was done than was ever done before or since."

"I am willing to admit," replied Jackson, "that we are all mistaken about Greece. We see it as a lovely pastoral country where lovely youths in fresh linen costumes talked to lovely seers in long flowing robes. In that country conversation is supposed to have moved with the meticulous rhythms of Walter Pater. None of the vulgar functions of life were ever carried on. People arose in the morning all cool and fresh; they did not yawn and rub their eyes. The colors of their garments and their pictures were in delicate pastel tints, too delicate to be appreciated by the mob. It was a soft twilight country. There was much stately dancing with gestures of a noble width like those in the *Comédie Française*. I admit that we forget the obscenities of the vase paintings, which would give a lover of pale Greece a fit. We forget the figures of the old pediment groups on the Acropolis. There is one head with brick red flesh, with blue beard, hair, and moustaches, with green irises in his eyes, and black eyebrows and pupils. We forget Aristophanes, or, reading him in a Bohn translation, we ought to forget him. We forget how provincial the place was, inhospitable to new ideas. The instinct of the herd was nowhere stronger. Men were put to death for wounding it. Charges were trumped up against their greatest sculptor to get rid of him. Their philosophers were hounded into prison or exile. Every reflective genius they had, hated them. Xenophanes, Heracleitus, Plato—read what they had to say about the fair Greeks. They were slaves of their politicians, who lead them a merry and by no means Greek dance in any direction they chose."

"And yet," put in Jonas, "they had one virtue at least, they were not Hellenists."

"That," said Jackson eagerly, "is why I say that a fair test of a man's greatness is whether he could have held his own in the *Symposium* or not."

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"No Roman would have fitted there," said Jonas, "unless maybe Horace and perhaps Ovid."

"Horace I grant you," answered Jackson, "but never Ovid. He had no real intelligence. He had no serenity. Can you imagine the author of the *Ars Amatoria* being seriously treated in a conversation about love? There is no wit in Ovid. There is a delightful elegance, but nothing else. Even Horace is a doubtful case. The Horace of the Odes might have fitted in, but not—no, Horace is a doubtful case. Lucretius might have done, but Lucretius was after all a reformer. He would not have been a good conversationalist. If Lucretius was the kind of man his Sage was, then he might come in. But if he was the sort of person who wanted to be wise and could only write about it, I say no. We have suffered from time immemorial from people like that. His poem is a wonder, of course; we who read Latin so badly know that instinctively. But he was a dreadfully gloomy creature."

There was a moment's silence, and as a eucalyptus tree dragged its heavy nuts across the shingled roof, the Young Logician recalled the Epicurean's picture of the primordial snowfall of atoms through endless space. From their accidental confluence was made the world.

"The material for perfect enlightenment was there, all right," he said. "Lucretius saw the significance of the haphazard. He was ready to take part in any conversation."

"But Lucretius, who is of course unknown to us except in legend,—and I imagine that the legend depicts him about as accurately as it does Sylvester II,—Lucretius does not show that real sense of humor which the men in the *Symposium* show."

"In that case," put in the Young Logician, "if a sense of humor is the criterion, there are exactly three men of our time who belong—Rabelais, Montaigne, and Voltaire."

"You forget the fourth," said Jackson, "Anatole France."

At this the other two threw their hands in the air and groaned to think that they had been so dull. And the Young Logician twisted and squirmed on his couch under the gawdy blanket, for he wanted to control the conversation. But Jackson, who preferred logicians to their talk, would not let him, and Jonas, who

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preferred Jackson to anything, sat back in his Chinese chair and let the poker dangle from his loose fingers.

"You forget Anatole France," said Jackson, "and he is greater than any of them. Has there ever been a man before or since who could be ironical without being bitter, or sympathetic without being sweet? He is no dogmatist: read *l'Humaine Tragédie*. Yet he is not capricious: read *l'Ile des Pingouins*. He knows what is truth and what is falsity, and he loves the truth too well to cheapen it. He knows that the bigot sees one side of the moon and denies that there is another side. And so he will not become a bigot. It is that exquisite tolerance for men's ideas which makes him so thoroughly Platonic a person. Even the half-cracked alchemist in the *Rôtisserie* is not lampooned. Nor is he sentimentalized. For beliefs are but expressions of human temperament. Anatole France understands this, and to him, as to Plato, beliefs must win their recognition by their inner worth and by that struggle—which is seldom lethal—expressed in the *Dialogues*."

"Justice Holmes has said the same thing," grumbled the Young Logician, who admired yet envied what Jackson was saying.

"But Justice Holmes is a bit too much of a Darwinist in his notions of truth and falsity. Still, there is no reason why he mightn't be among the spectators."

"I want to talk about Anatole France," put in Jackson. "Not only is he the least bigoted of men, he is also the best informed. There is a fragrance of old leather and of books about him. The man is not a parvenu. He did not rush into print. But lovingly he read there in the Senate library the older and suaver writers. With a finely delicate book of poems, he made a modest entry into the world of letters. He waited three more years and published *Les Noces Corinthiennes*. He was in his thirties at the time. But he was temperate; he was not eager for show; he was willing to study first and to write afterwards. The golden timbre of those early poems has never been lost. In so late a book as *La Révolte des Anges* it rings and sings like a harp struck by its master's hand.

"There is something about his style at once melodious and virile. It is the music of civilization, not of nature, but it is not

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weakened by polish. It has not the hybrid music of Shelley's prose nor of Milton's, which are both verse and prose. It has not the heavy luciousness of Pierre Loti's nor of Gourmont's. It is rather—you will pardon me, Jonas—the pure tone of Pergolesi, the simple and difficult melody of Bach. No one except Voltaire and Montesquieu in the *Lettres Persanes* ever did it before in our times. Could Socrates have listened to Nectaire's flute and the story of creation, he would have left his seat and asked the Frenchman to take his place. What a speech he would have made before those people! And even the flute girls would have left their kissing and sat upright to listen to his words like birds at the voice of St. Francis.

"For that music of his word is the music of his soul. He has a clarity and simplicity of vision which only such music can express. He has that sympathy with the poor which Voltaire had, and he would have loved Socrates as he loved Chouette. Yet he loves them not for the rich melancholy of misfortune, but for their place in the world as a whole.

"He is a sceptic, of course, and that is why he would fit into the *Symposium* better than anyone else. It is only a sceptic who can talk well, for only a sceptic cares more about truth than about propaganda. Name a man who could join that group and hold his head high, and I will show you a sceptic."

He paused, and the fire glowed and charmed his associates' eyes. The three sat dreeing their weirds in silence. And as the pause grew longer, the eucalyptus nuts grew louder on the roof, and finally the Young Logician said: "Four men—not even Goethe—belonged. They are all French. They are all sceptics. They all have the comic spirit. And more than any other men, they have made civilization endurable and preferable to barbarism."

GEORGE BOAS.

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ARTISTIC MEXICO

BY OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER

It is a mistake, when estimating a man's character, to judge solely by the shape of his head or the cut of his dress-clothes. Similarly when, in defiance to Burke's non-possumus, you set out to indict a nation, it is well to seek better evidence than is provided by newspaper reports. It is safe to say not one American out of five hundred has the slightest idea of the truth about Mexico and the Mexican people. If you tell him—as is the truth—that not only do the Mexicans understand the art of life very much better than do we, but that they are artistically speaking, whole centuries ahead of us, he will certainly regard you either as a fool or a propagandist. If you add that artistically speaking, Mexico is to us as was Athens to Boeotia and that in the not very distant future she will hold as prominent a place in the art-life of the world as did Florence in that of Europe in Medician days he will probably advise your relations to consult an alienist. Yet these facts grow increasingly evident, the further we are removed from the days of Cortes and the Pilgrim Fathers. If you consider an Indian *peon* arranging a wreath of flowers for his *burro*, before starting out to market and then turn your thoughts from him to a Fifth Avenue florist making out his bill for helping you to "say it with flowers" you will arrive at a very fair conception of the difference between the two national attitudes towards the arts. Love of beauty is as natural to the poorest Mexican as is breathing; it is expressed in every incident of his daily life—from the shape of his cooking-pot to the color of his wife's *reboso*, and to it, incidentally he owes much of the disrespect in which he is held by the hustling oil-men and concession-seekers through whose eyes we are so often expected to see him. Yet you cannot begin to understand the Mexican, much less to sympathize with him, unless you not only realize

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that he is before all things an artist, but share with him his appreciation of what life owes to the beautiful.

A nation which regards worldly success as the supreme end in life cannot expect to hold a high place in the arts, even should it so desire. You cannot appreciate beauty if you lack repose; you can at best agree that it is something deserving appreciation and pass to the next page of the ledger. As for the craftsman, contented to devote a lifetime to making nothing in particular so be it that he makes it well, it will seem to you only right and proper that he be removed from a world where he only gets in the way of busy people. Yet that is fundamentally the Mexican attitude towards work and life. Life, he argues by his way of living, was given us to be enjoyed, and through beauty we reach our highest enjoyment. Our one duty is to enjoy it while we may and leave the Church to look after the next world for us—with the result that to-day one Mexican city will tell us more of Art, in the true sense of the word, than you can find in a dozen American communities rolled into one. The value of beauty is not in itself but in the eye of the beholder and artless you will be though your galleries are crammed with old masters if to you they are naught but something you know you ought to admire.

Not very far from Mexico City is the ancient Jesuit Seminary of St. Martin of Tepozotlan. It is one of the most remarkable relics of sixteenth century ecclesiastical architecture in the country; it includes two great churches, innumerable patios that are now wildernesses of neglected orange trees, a maze of cells and corridors and refectories and dormitories. It stands in a beautiful position on rising ground at the foot of a mountain chain and all around it are the ruins of its former village dependency long since fallen to ruins. It was once the headquarters of the Mexican Jesuits; after their expulsion it fell more or less into ruin and it is now in process of restoration by the Government.

There are several remarkable points about the Seminary of St. Martin. It is remarkable for one thing to find that the Mexican Government, which we are generally given to understand is devoted entirely to bloodshed and disorder, should care for its ancient monuments at all. Yet not only does it maintain

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a department similar to that of the French *Monuments Historiques*, but through all the past ten years of anarchy successive régimes have never neglected their task of preserving these chief glories of historic Mexico.

Another remarkable thing about the restoration of St. Martins is to find that it is under the direction of a pure-blooded Mexican Indian, a direct descendant of the pre-Spanish Caciques of Tezcoco and an artist of distinguished achievement. Señor Jorge Enciso is by official title Director-Inspector of National Archeological Monuments; though still a young man, he is also an artist of international reputation who studied at the Beaux Arts and whose work has made something of a sensation when exhibited at the Salon and elsewhere. One might expect that such a man would bring both knowledge and enthusiasm to bear upon his present work, but I must confess that, knowing as I do something of the horrors of Church "Restorations" in Europe, I was amazed at the fidelity with which both the scheme and the spirit of the old builders of St. Martins are being preserved. Nor is the reason, though simple enough, less surprising. Señor Enciso has not called into his assistance skilled artists or restorers; he has instead given the work to the native Indians of the neighborhood, the descendants of those who formerly labored on it, with the result that it is almost impossible to distinguish between some of the old decoration and the new.

Not only in its beauty and its past and present story is St. Martin of Tepozotlan—(it is dedicated to the first native Christian who suffered martyrdom in Mexico)—characteristic of the art history of Mexico. Despite the spoliation to which it has more than once been subjected, as for instance when a Revolutionary General carried off some of its most famous treasures, in the shape of ivory statues of saints, and used them as ornaments for his dining room, it still contains a wealth of relics, including a valuable collection of religious paintings by such Masters of the Mexican School as Miguel Cabrera, Baltasar Echave el Viejo and Rodriguez Juarez, and also a library containing many valuable and rare books dating from the first foundation of the Seminary. The major church again is, I suppose, one of the most striking examples of the fantastic Churrigueresque style of architecture

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on the continent; every inch of its inner walls is covered with extravagant gilded carvings, it is surrounded by quaint chapels with a wealth of ancient Puebla tiles and the like.

The plain truth is that Mexico owes much of her artistic pre-eminence to what we call her backwardness. Had her people possessed our Anglo-Saxon enterprise such a church as St. Martins would never have been built, in the first place, or would certainly have been pulled down long ago to make way for a twenty story office-building, in the second. Her cities might to-day be cleaner and more sanitary; they would be very much more hideous. To her backwardness also she owes another debt; she is a homogeneous nation, in the European sense, with a definite national tradition which has never been trampled beneath the onrush of immigrant hordes. To this among other things she owes the definitely national character of her art, both of yesterday and of to-day.

It was the custom for the Elizabethan propagandist to represent the Conquistadores as ruthless persecutors of the conquered Indian and as ably seconded by a ruthless and bigoted priesthood. Actually, as we are only now beginning to learn, the Spaniard treated the Indians as well as—in most cases very much better than—had his Aztec predecessors in power; the Church, though it must be admitted that ignorant ecclesiastics destroyed many priceless relics of Aztec art and culture, nevertheless protected her flock and cared for its material and spiritual interests to the best of her power. For one proof of which, we need only study the blending of the two different strains into one nation to-day and the love which, political changes notwithstanding, the common people still have for their Church.

Most important of all from the artistic point of view was it that the coming of the Spaniards intensified the art instinct of the nation, making it possible that to-day she is incontestably the artistic centre of the continent. Just as the artistic glories of medieval Italy were made possible by the coexistence of the Church with a wealthy leisured aristocracy, so Mexico found in her Viceroys and Bishops and their Courts, what Florence found in the Medici, and Rome in the Papacy. There were palaces and cathedrals to be built and beautified; the imported art of

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Spain and Italy and Flanders mingling with that already quick in the veins of the people, produced a nascence which has nowhere else in the world shown itself in a new nation.

As might have been expected the inheritors of the tradition of Tenochtitlan, the Lake City whose beauty amazed even the conquerors, showed themselves quick to appreciate and eager to learn the ideals and methods of the Old World. The first Academy of Painting was actually established by the Church in 1521 and thenceforward native artists held their own against all comers; the Academy of St. Carlos, to-day the chief official centre of Mexican painting, dates from 1778. Let me note in passing that the Academy has lost none of its vigor; it houses a vigorous art school where modern art—not however of the "Dadaist" or "Tactilist" kind—is taught; in its galleries is to be found one of the most interesting collections in the New World including, beside notable examples of Rubens, Murillo, Titian and other great Europeans, the masterpieces of the Mexican religious School. There are other noteworthy paintings to be seen in the near-by National Museum, though to the foreigner even more interesting than the canvasses themselves are the crowds, including every class of society, with the peon in the majority, who crowd the galleries almost to suffocation on holidays and feast days. It is worth while, even at the cost of some physical discomfort, to mingle with them and observe their keen appreciation; thereby you may obtain yet another proof were it needed, that the Mexican has inherited the love of art in his very bones.

The guileless tourist who throngs European picture galleries because he is told it is the proper thing to do, will some day—when he has got it out of his head that Mexico is a nation entirely inhabited by murderers—find that there are artistic treasures just as worth while only a little way across the Rio Grande. There are a hundred great churches and cathedrals more beautiful than any yet dreamed of in his own country; there are pyramids that rival Cheops and bas-reliefs as striking as anything Nineveh could show; above all, for those in search of beauty in common things, there are a dozen handicrafts, the products whereof would drive collectors mad with rapture if they were bought in Naples or in Ispahan. The blanket serapes worn by

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the men are familiar, chiefly through machine-made imitations; less so the *rebosos* worn by the women; of a special interest as showing the blending of East and West is the native pottery, as for example, the beautiful Talavera and Mudejár ware. Although the introduction of this is usually ascribed to the Dominican monks, its Spanish or Arabic influence is, in actual fact, merely overlaid upon the very much more ancient native craft of which examples are still preserved in the National Museum and elsewhere.

It is safe to say that not one in a hundred persons if asked to name the three finest equestrian statues in the world would know that at least one of them is to be found in Mexico. It represents King Carlos IV of Spain and is said to have been the first bronze statue ever cast in America. It is without any question the finest, ranking second only to that of Bartolommeo Colleoni in Venice, yet I mention it here, less for what it is than for what it represents.

The Mexican people unfortunately for their reputation live in a country of unparalleled fertility and wealth. Were they only more enterprising and businesslike they would long ago have sacrificed its beauty to the benefit of their own pockets and thereby gained the admiration of their neighbors. Their cities, to-day mines of beauty in which you cannot walk a hundred yards without passing some noble church, or palace fit for the "Sleeping Beauty," or quaint detail of quainter public life, would be rectilinear nightmares where skyscrapers and factories and Elevateds and smoke stacks fought with each other which should most openly show its contempt for mere humanity. Perhaps if the advocates of progress and efficiency at the expense of your neighbor have their way, that day may still come. It will be a bad day for Mexico; it will be an even worse day for the rest of the Western hemisphere, for it will herald the final victory of materialism in the New World and the permanent disappearance of that religion of beauty which is called Art.

OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER.

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WHITMAN AND THE CULT OF CONFUSION

BY NORMAN FOERSTER

I

BELATED voice of the romantic spirit of the early nineteenth century, Whitman spoke with impressive force and sanity to a generation and a country beginning to question the life and literature of that "hysterical sick-chamber," Europe, and oppressed with the conventionalism and materialism of unheroic ante-bellum America. To the pusillanimity and valetudinarianism of that epoch, *Leaves of Grass* came like a tonic oceanic gale, sweeping away all meanness of body and soul and inviting a large, free life in accordance with the dictates of the inner self. For many years, it is true, Whitman's barbaric yawp and immoderate celebration of the body electric alienated the mass of readers and prevented his attaining that commanding position which his disciples and the new time spirit have now won for him. Yet from the beginning men of discernment recognized that, for better or worse, a great poetic power had come into the world, bringing a fresh vision of nature and of man, a vision strikingly like that of the New England Transcendentalists and at the same time quite as strikingly unlike.

It was not chance that the first important admirers of the book were the men of Concord,—Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott. Emerson's famous letter to Mr. Walter Whitman, written a fortnight after the publication of the edition of 1855, is equally a tribute to Whitman's power and to Emerson's largeness. "I have great joy in it. I find incomparable things, said incomparably well, as they must be. I find the courage of treatment which so delights us, and which large perception only can inspire. I greet you at the beginning of a great career. . . . It has the best merits, namely, of fortifying and encouraging." Emer-

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son was right, the book has all of these qualities, and the poet has entered upon a great career. Not with the serene detachment of Emerson, heir of a priestly tradition, but with a rude and passionate vigor drawn from the soil of Long Island and a succession of farming ancestors, *Leaves of Grass* repeats the Transcendental love of nature, faith in individualism, and prophecy of democracy. Small wonder that Emerson, and even Thoreau, recognized the kinship, despite the harshness of the yawp, while Whittier threw his copy into the flames, and Lowell—the later Lowell, renegade Transcendentalist—held aloof. Yet the differences between Whitman and the Concord group go far deeper than matters of accent and method; they penetrate to fundamentals. Obviously Whitman and Thoreau are worlds apart; and so, less obviously, are Whitman and Emerson. Nature, individualism, and democracy—yes; but Whitman's conception of them is nowise Emerson's. To take, at this point, but a single instance, a fundamental difference between the two men is involved in Emerson's love of distinctions, of gradations and contrasts of the Platonic sort, and Whitman's "indiscriminate hurrahing for the Universe." Though looking toward unity as steadily as Whitman, Emerson was ever averse from what is perhaps the dominant intellectual habit and weakness of Whitman, his blurring of things unlike and his impressionistic ecstasy in contemplating the blur. Though both were mystical, the one built a secure sub-structure for his tower of vision, from which he looked with awe or ineffable peace into pure spirit, while the other, abjuring all props and safeguards, fell into delusions and infatuations that rendered it impossible for his readers to discern how much of his vision is spiritual insight and how much is only indulgence of the temperament. Emerson is "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit" because he helps us out of that inner confusion which is perhaps the chief malady of human existence; Whitman not only accepts this inner confusion but sets it up as an object of worship.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that the unpardonable sin of our era is precisely this delusive insistence on the indissoluble unity of the human constitution, this denial, not of the Holy Ghost, but of the distinction between an impersonal pure reason

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or spirit in man and the personal life of the temperament, this denial of the dualism of man's nature of which the evidence is the experience of every man who confronts his consciousness in all candor, as well as the testimony of the sages from Socrates, Plato, Sophocles, Aristotle, Jesus, and Buddha, through St. Francis, Dante, and Milton down to Emerson himself. It is everywhere present in the writings of Emerson, though it was certainly not this that made Whitman address the oracle of Concord as his "dear friend and master." For example this passage, in which the metaphor is unfortunate but the meaning unmistakable:

> One key, one solution to the mysteries of human condition, one solution to the old knots of fate, freedom, and foreknowledge exists, the propounding, namely, of the double consciousness. A man must ride alternately on the horses of his private and his public nature, as the equestrians in the circus throw themselves nimbly from horse to horse, or plant one foot on the back of one, and the other foot on the back of the other.

On the one hand, in the "dual world," is nature, partly outside of man—"forest, sea and shore"—partly within man—"the drag of temperament and race." And on the other hand is thought, or spirit, or the moral sentiment,—infinite, of unlimited power, the humanism of man. "Here they are, side by side, god and devil, mind and matter, king and conspirator, belt and spasm, riding peacefully together in the eye and brain of every man." In all that Emerson wrote of the correspondence of nature and spirit, answering to each other part for part like print and seal, he never for a moment proposed that we should regard them as the same thing, an indissoluble unity—here they are, side by side, and wisdom consists in relating oneself to each according to its authority. The higher authority in the life of man belongs to that which constitutes him man and not nature—the universal spirit or soul, "within which every man's particular being is contained and made one with all other," the supreme critic of the individual life and the coherent force of any society moving not toward chaos but towards solidarity.

In Whitman there is nothing of all this. That "fluid and swallowing soul," as he describes himself, filled to overflowing with the joy of living, finding everything in the universe essential and therefore equally good, beholding nothing sinister in the

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world save shams and conventions and "refinement," feeling within him a "cosmic elemental passion" that taught only "the profound lesson of reception, nor preference nor denial," patterning himself after "the great silent savage all-acceptive Mother" (Nature), was so supremely content with the beauty, the wonder, and the mystery of the All, with the sufficiency of being alive, that he completely ignored all those distinctions between personal and impersonal, temperament and spirit, nature and man, upon which all the wisdom of the ages rests. He may have been right and all the past wrong, from the ancient East and Greece to his prototype Rousseau; in these matters there can only be, as Amiel says, certitude without proof. Yet it must be confessed that the inner life of man since the time of Rousseau has been unprecedentedly confused and rarely capable of happiness, and that the outer life of humanity, despite its manifestations of a noble idealism of freedom and democracy, has recorded a history that makes Rousseau's pessimism as to the value of civilization almost plausible. The assumption of dualism is far from discredited. Is it not instinctive in nearly all men?

In Whitman himself there is, if not dualism in its historic sense, a dualism of another kind—the romantic dualism of conformity and individualism, externality and inwardness:

Whoever you are, come forth! or man or woman come forth!

Another self, a duplicate of every one, skulking and hiding it goes,

Smartly attired, countenance smiling, form upright, death under the breast-bones, hell under the skull-bones,
Under the broadcloth and gloves, under the ribbon and artificial flowers,
Keeping fair with the customs, speaking not a syllable of itself,
Speaking of anything else but never of itself.

This dualism of the two selves is set forth clearly in the poem entitled "To You." The you of conformity and externality is here regarded as walking in a dream, in "commerce, shops, work, farms, clothes, the house, buying, selling, eating, drinking, suffering, dying,"—a world of mockeries,—and the you of individualism and inwardness, the real You, is exhorted to assert its inalienable supremacy:

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You have not known what you are, you have slumber'd upon yourself all your life. . . .
Whoever you are! claim your own at any hazard!

So far as it goes, this dualism of the romanticists, from Rousseau to James Oppenheim and all the other disciples of Whitman, is sound and salutary. Its negation of the worth of the blindly conforming self, the puny and mean-spirited, the philistine self, is a valuable contribution towards a larger life, and so is its promulgation of the majesty of a more real self that lies dormant in most men. But it does not go far enough, it does not reveal the innermost self that slumbers. Its magnificently ringing summons evokes, not that self which is not self at all, the impersonal or universal self of Greek humanism and of Christianity, but the individual or unique self, "the precious idiocrasy and special nativity and intention that he is, the man's self," as Whitman puts it. If it may be said that this self includes a portion of the universal self, the fact remains that it fuses this portion of the universal with the natural or temperamental self, with "the drag of temperament," and that, in practice, the natural man will be ever inclined to dominate, asserting himself either avowedly, glorying in his freedom, or secretly, giving to his desires the fine trappings of things spiritual. If dualism there must be, if a choice between one kind of life and another, the inferiority of the romantic dualism would seem to be demonstrated by definition, as it is certainly demonstrated by practice.

In Whitman, at all events, the natural man was dominant, both in his relation to nature and in his relation to mankind. He did not bring to "forest, sea and shore," with Emerson and Wordsworth, a rich tradition of humane culture, a heritage of character and wisdom received through ancestry and education; he came with little more than a fine body, keen senses, a wholesome animal constitution, and the emotional force of genius. He had not committed Thoreau's error of avoidance of the madding throng, but in his free mingling with humanity he forgot that there is a sense in which "we descend to meet"—his relation to others was in the main gregarious, undiscriminating, a love of the natural man for natural men: the divinity of the divine average, which Christ perceived perfectly, was seen darkly by him, to

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whom "average" meant more than "divine." Human life as pageantry, nature as pageantry, enthralled his perennially boyish gaze.

Wonder—reverie—love: these three terms sum up the essentials of Whitman's relation to nature. Once more the wonder of romanticism, pleased, ineffably pleased, at the curious actuality of things, one thing as strange as another. He wrote a poem of pure wonder, entitled "Miracles":

Why, who makes much of a miracle?
As to me I know nothing else but miracles,
Whether I walk the streets of Manhattan,

* * *

Or watch honey-bees busy around the hive of a summer forenoon,
Or animals feeding in the fields,
Or birds, or the wonderfulness of insects in the air,
Or the wonderfulness of the sundown, or of stars shining so quiet and bright,
Or the exquisite delicate thin curve of the new moon in spring;
These with the rest, one and all, are to me miracles,
The whole referring, yet each distinct and in its place.

To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,
Every cubic inch of space is a miracle,
Every square yard of the surface of the earth is spread with the same,
Every foot of the interior swarms with the same.

Then come the miracles of the sea, and he stops, rather earlier than in most of his catalogues; poems must end, if miracles do not. What shall we say of these lists of wonders? Surely the sense of wonder is poetic—things are indeed wonderful—if not profoundly poetic. The sense of wonder is the dawn of poetry, as it is the dawn of life—the beginning of something above mere animal perception, the child's, the savage's spirituality. To stop there is to remain a child or savage. Whitman passed on a little further, to reverie.

Wonder is momentary, however often repeated; reverie is continuous. It may bring images not present in the visible scene, like those daydreams of Jean Jacques in the forest, radiant visions of Arcadian perfection and happiness, or it may find its substance in the visible scene itself, as in the case of Whitman. He did not dream of the remote or unreal, but of the here and now, the commonplace, in which he would lose himself to find himself:

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To emerge and be of the sky, of the sun and moon and flying clouds, as one with them.

In the teeming life of nature, as among the crowds on the ferries and the streets, he passed beyond the sense of wonder, which implies a certain aloofness from things—wonder *at* things—to the immediacy of reverie, making himself an integral part of the universe of things, drifting in the current of nature's life, loafing and inviting his soul.

Inviting his soul!—surely, he felt, spiritual wisdom may be won from immersion in the life, the spirit, of nature. Wonder, reverie, then revelation. Addressing his soul, he writes of an experience in which his inner life culminated:

I mind how once we lay such a transparent summer morning,
How you settled your head athwart my hips and gently turn'd over upon me,
And parted the shirt from my bosom-bone, and plunged your tongue to my bare-stript heart,
And reach'd till you felt my beard, and reach'd till you felt my feet.
Swiftly arose and spread around me the peace and knowledge that pass all the argument of the earth,
And I know that the hand of God is the promise of my own,
And I know that the spirit of God is the brother of my own,
And that all the men ever born are also my brothers, and the women my sisters and lovers,
And that a kelson of the creation is love,
And limitless are leaves stiff or drooping in the fields,
And brown ants in the little wells beneath them,
And mossy scabs of the worm-fence, heap'd stones, elder, mullein and poke-weed.

The all-acceptive Mother had at last accepted him; he was no longer a mere identity, but part and parcel of the whole, a drop in the surging sea of life. And the message received was a message of love,—

. . . a kelson of the creation is love,—

confirming what had long been perhaps the deepest impulse of his nature. He was destined to be one of the most puissant teachers of sympathy in the most passionately humanitarian century in all history.

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II

As Thoreau yearned for the wild, Whitman yearned for human love, which affected him, he says, like the primal sanities of sun and wind. In *Leaves of Grass* he announced:

> I am he that aches with love.

"He fed upon people," says Professor Triggs, "as bees upon flowers"; they must be, like flowers, natural, simple, not exceptional—the plain people, boatmen, stagedrivers, day laborers, not the intellectual classes, whom he would doubtless have styled "highbrows" if he had written his poems fifty years later. Men of letters, learned men, professional men, he regarded with a lurking suspicion even when they had accepted his gospel; his affection was by no means all-inclusive. Best of all he loved uneducated persons whom he could hold by the hand or kiss on the cheek with his bearded lips, like "dear little Peter,"—Peter Doyle, the street-car conductor, a good soul who listened gravely to Walt's expositions of his literary aims, understanding them as little as Thérèse understood the harangues of Rousseau. Of Whitman's magnetic power, which drew to him unreservedly persons of various classes, there is no question. His friend Burroughs attributed to him a "new and mysterious bodily quality," which differentiates it admirably from the spiritual attraction of a man like Emerson, whose "magnetism" Whitman felt and acknowledged as soon as they met. Nor can there be any question regarding his power over the wounded soldiers in the Washington hospitals, a tonic power that caused the doctors to say sometimes: "Turn him over to Whitman. Perhaps he will save him."

Was not this the consecration of Whitman's brotherly love—this absolute unselfish devotion to the wounded in the war that welded the Union, his America? It is true that he might have served in the field, like his brother George, an unimaginative man of action, who was among the first to enlist, though the discipline of the army ill-suited Walt's indolent, dreamy individualism. Perhaps he did as well,—though scarcely better, as Dr. Bucke insists,—in ministering to some eighty or one hundred thousand

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men, according to his own estimate, giving them, along with tobacco, apples, sticks of candy, and the like, the stimulation of his tonic magnetism and affection. If he did not undertake the task deliberately but waited till his brother was wounded in 1862, when he went to the front in Virginia and was fascinated by the sight of terrible suffering, the fact remains that he gave himself completely to the work he saw to do, spending his scant wealth, and drawing upon his vast physical and moral reserves till he collapsed. If it is true that his reaction to the war was not remarkably intelligent, one must still deplore the mood of George Santayana's remark, however true it may be at bottom, that "he could only gaze at the picturesque and terrible aspects of the struggle, and linger among the wounded day after day with a canine devotion." It was more than canine, though less than spiritual.

If quantity were all, the humanitarianism of Whitman would merit all that has been said of it by his followers, to many of whom he is the Christ of the modern world. There are, however, not only degrees but kinds of humanitarianism, and Whitman's kind is not the highest. The highest is spiritual—love based on a vivid perception of a peculiarly human, or divine, principle in all men, the "reason" of Plato and Aristotle, the "spirit" of Jesus and St. Paul, the impersonal self that we have already discussed, sharply contrasted with the natural or temperamental self. Fearing the delusions to which the natural self subjects men, spiritual humanitarianism is ill content with the generous doctrine that

> He prayeth best, who loveth best (=most)
> All things both great and small,

preferring the more disciplinary doctrine of Aristotle:

> It is a man's duty to flee from wickedness with all his might and to strive to be good, because thus he may be friends with himself and may come to be a friend to another,

or of St. John:

> By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and keep his commandments.

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A second and inferior type of humanitarianism is economic, practical—affection for men based, not on self-control and the love of God, but on a sense of humanity's material needs and rights, the affection of philanthropists like Benjamin Franklin and nearly all socialists. Although it is a mighty force in modern life, directed and organized by wonder-working, natural science and the democratic polity, economic humanitarianism is essentially unstable, ignoring as it does the basis of true "social justice":

> He that feeds men serveth few;
> He serves all who dares be true.

Between the two types is a third that might be termed emotional or instinctive—sympathy of the gregarious sort, the sentiment of the herd, the love of kin and kind. The three types need not, of course, exclude each other. Since man has a dual nature, he may love not only spiritually but gregariously, as Shakspere perhaps did, and spiritual love results in material welfare ("these things shall be added unto you"). Economic and emotional humanitarianism, again, may have an admixture of spirituality, more or less fitful. In an era like ours, inclined to refuse all distinctions because distinctions are never fully realized, it is difficult to remember the practical value of division and definition; it is easy to bear in mind that in any given case modification must be allowed for. In the case of Whitman, certainly, it would be hazardous to assert that spiritual insight was totally wanting, that his sympathy was merely gregarious sympathy in a human form. But with every allowance made, we must not obscure the plain fact that his brotherly love is not a development of the Classical conception of the ethical unity of man or the Christian conception of the spiritual unity of man. Nothing of the glad renunciation of religion—shall we say "virtually nothing"?—manifests itself in Whitman's life or writings. His portrait in the first edition of *Leaves of Grass* is not that of the carpenter Jesus but of the carpenter Walt, in all his reposeful indolence and natural self-sufficiency, strong of will yet undisciplined. Apparently the only time in his career when the ethical life and its relation to the life of the spirit attracted his attention was in his youth, when he wrote with doubtful sincerity of such popular

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"causes" as temperance and the abolition of slavery and of capital punishment, expatiating on "the fiery fountain which bubbles up from hell" while he drank from that very fountain in a New York saloon. His sexual life need not particularly concern us; more significant than any of his infringements on the code is his reason for avoiding marriage—"an overmastering passion for freedom, unconstraint." Not renunciation, but unconstraint, freedom from all bonds, all limits, a child-like indulgence of his natural self. Happily, he had also the wholesomeness of the child. He enjoyed expansiveness in his own life and wished a similar good fortune for his country, destined soon, he thought, to absorb Canada and Cuba, to become the leading power of the Atlantic, and to master altogether the Pacific ("that sea and its countless paradises of islands"). Forgetting Greece, he associated spiritual grandeur with physical, finding in the geography of the United States an indication of spiritual mission. Turn where one will in his biography or his poems, one will look in vain for indications of any discipline, intellectual or ethical, making for self-mastery and spiritual vision.

The twist that Whitman gave to the Christian law—"love thy neighbor," which became his humanitarianism, "as thyself," which became his individualism—is patent in his gospel for the modern world as expounded in *Leaves of Grass* and *Democratic Vistas*. Setting aside the "amative love" of the poets, and disregarding altogether the spiritual love of Platonism and Christianity, he calls for a new "adhesive love,"

> The institution of the dear love of comrades,

destined to offset the vulgarity and materialism of democratic America. "I confidently expect a time when there will be seen, running like a half-hid warp through all the myriad audible and visible worldly interests of America, threads of manly friendship, fond and loving, pure and sweet, strong and life-long, carried to degrees hitherto unknown," such friendship as that of Whitman and Peter Doyle: "many will say it is a dream," he remarks prophetically. Yet this fraternity is not his real goal; repeatedly he states that we are to conceive adhesive love, not as an end in itself, but as a means, without which the ultimate object would

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be impossible. This ultimate object is "individuality, the pride and centripetal isolation of a human being in himself—identity—personalism." In the end, man "must become a law . . . unto himself." Gone is the external authority of religion, gone the feudal ideal of man: democracy awaits a new vision of the human law.

Whitman proceeds to offer such a vision in the form of an imaginatively conceived "model" upon which the individual should seek to pattern himself. "The main thing" must be that "precious idiocrasy and special nativity" which has been already mentioned—nothing must be allowed to imperil the individual's uniqueness. It is imperilled, for example, by its rival, Culture, which also aims at a pattern, but which shapes a man in such wise that "the simply good and healthy and brave parts of him are reduced and clipped away, like the bordering of box in the garden," in oblivion of his kinship with "the mountain peaks, the ocean, and the tumbling gorgeousness of the clouds." In his disdain for the pseudo-culture that makes men both less than human and less than natural, Whitman thus condemns also genuine culture, which would make men human and more than natural. He demands, instead, a new culture directed to "the formation of a typical personality of character, eligible to the uses of the high average of men—and not restricted by conditions ineligible to the masses," a culture suited to the limitations of "practical life, the West, the workingmen," etc. He goes on to picture the new ideal:

> a self-begotten selfhood—in youth, fresh, ardent, emotional, aspiring, full of adventure; at maturity, brave, perceptive, under control, neither too talkative nor too reticent, neither flippant nor sombre; of the bodily figure, the movements easy, the complexion showing the best blood, somewhat flushed, breast expanded, an erect attitude, a voice whose sound outvies music, eyes of calm and steady gaze, yet capable also of flashing—and a general presence that holds its own in the company of the highest.

Energy under control—what more would you have? But under control of what?—the rational principle of the Greeks, the indwelling spirit of Christianity, or the instincts of a healthy animal capable of holding its own? It is not easy to reconcile this picture with that vision of Arcadian brotherhood at which

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we glanced a moment ago. Whitman himself was troubled by the gap between his adhesive love and his personalism and sought to fill it.

Hence his gospel of "Religiousness." This gospel is necessarily vague, partly because of human limitations, partly because of Whitman's limitations. Aside from his joy in living, his ecstatic sense of wonder, his absorption in reverie, his transfusion of himself with the flux of nature, he cannot well be said to have had religious experience. Certainly, of religious experience as the world has known it he was, as he said himself, completely ignorant. It is true that he urged the need of "a strong mastership of the general inferior self by the superior self," but, as we have seen, these selves are those of a romantic and not of a religious dualism. Again, when he defines independence as "freedom from all laws or bonds except those of one's own being, controlled by the universal ones," his verbal repetition of the wisdom of the ages is characteristically followed by this sentence: "To lands, to man, to woman, what is there at last to each, but the inherent soul, nativity, idiocrasy, free, highest-poised, soaring its own flight, following out itself?" His whole discussion of religion, indeed, is a mass of ill-sorted ideas, from which the reader emerges without a single definite conception of any aspect of Whitman's religiousness. In *Democratic Vistas*, still more in *Leaves of Grass*, he leaves us at last with his gospel of individualism and his gospel of solidarity in violent conflict. Others have preached both gospels abundantly; to the great need of his own century and of ours, a firm grasp on the best means of reconciling them, Whitman made no contribution. Despite his elaborate propaganda, therefore, he is far less valuable to us to-day than Emerson, who reinterpreted dualism in terms of modern thought, or Lincoln, foremost of democrats, whose "goodness and tenderness," mentioned by Whitman, who loved him passionately, had other and higher grounds than Whitman's devotion to humanity.

Yet when this has been said, along with everything else in the foregoing study of the spacious elevation of Whitman's message, it will not do to forget Lincoln's remark as he watched Whitman walking down Pennsylvania Avenue one day, "Well,

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he looks like a *man*," or Emerson's magnanimous letter to the poet "at the beginning of a great career" and his words to Moncure Conway, on lending him a copy of *Leaves of Grass*, "No man with eyes in his head but could recognize a real poet in that book." A man, if only a natural man—a poet, if not a wise poet. More than any of his contemporary poets he had the energy, the dynamic force, characteristic of the literature of the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries. He had it, also, with a freedom from the morbidity of the period that is almost unexampled (unless one is disposed to emphasize the truth in his own observation that the very joy of our time is morbid), breathing into our literature the sanity of nature like no one else since Wordsworth. His poems have the medicinal wholesomeness of the meadows and woods and ocean, a quality transferable, and accountable for much of his vogue. Stricken with paralysis, basking naked in the sun by Timber Creek, the aging poet writes in his notebook that he has never before got so close to Nature, that she never before came so close to him; "somehow I seemed to get identity with each and everything around me. . . . Deliciousness, sane, calm, Nakedness in Nature!" Immersed in her health, he absorbed her virtue. In less degree he had done so all his life, and had maintained through her tonic properties that fine animalism and temperamental exuberance that were his richest inheritance. In the hour of weariness and perplexity, we can find in the pages of his book, *Leaves of Grass*, a large measure of that "fortifying and encouraging" power (to use Emerson's letter once more) which resides in nature herself.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

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CONCERNING A NEW IMMORTAL

BY WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY

Robert de Flers, president of the Society of Dramatic Authors, has just been officially received into the French Academy. His election last year as successor to the Marquis de Ségur met with general approval, especially in Paris, where he has been the most popular playwright since the death of his father-in-law, Sardou. Although at present the Immortals can boast of several dramatists whose works are likely to survive those of de Flers, yet it is he, rather than they, who represents the Marivaux tradition, already established in the Academy by de Musset, Scribe, Sardou, Meilhac and Halévy.

Born in 1872 near Caen in Normandy, Robert de Flers was early ambitious to become a historian. At the age of fifteen, while attending the *lycée*, he met Armand de Caillavet, who cherished the same desire. In due time, both gave up history for drama, each trying at first to carve his fortune for himself. While de Caillavet was composing *revues* for the theatre of the Eiffel Tower, and farces for the Palais Royal, de Flers practised journalism and story-writing. As each found the advice of the other indispensable, they began active collaboration for the stage in 1901, joining forces in composing *The Labors of Hercules*, a burlesque that proved an uproarious success. This was followed by a sprightly comedy, *The Paths of Virtue*. Thereafter, until the opening of the war, they brought out every season one or more fresh pieces. Reviving the best traditions of the French drama, their plays triumphed throughout Europe and in the chief cities of the New World.

This happy partnership, interrupted by the great conflict, came to an end with the death of de Caillavet in 1915. Although de Flers has recently united with another dramatist, Francis de Croisset, it seems fitting to treat him and his original collaborator as one playwright. Owing, indeed, to the similarity of their

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temperaments, it would be idle to speculate as to the particular contribution of each. Their tastes, feelings, judgments, and modes of expression were identical. Work in common was easy for them, and de Caillavet used to declare that neither could be sure which part of a play was his own. In a give-and-take spirit they would talk over a plot, each at first defending or rejecting an idea, perhaps eventually to favor the opposite. Certainly no two men of letters—be it the Goncourts, Meilhac and Halévy, the Marguerittes, the Rosnys, or the Tharauds—were ever more affectionately attached or thought more naturally as one mind. It will suffice, therefore, to speak here of the survivor alone.

With de Flers it has always been a principle to give theatre-goers what they like. As a rule, the public seeks entertainment in the theatre. Nothing better affords this than what may be termed *genre* comedy. During the vogue of the *comédie rosse*, such *comédie de genre* was diverted somewhat from its true course. But, thanks to de Flers and others, it has returned to its proper province. To this *théâtre de madame*, as it is also called, belong nearly all the score or more of de Flers plays, the only exceptions being his three political satires. In these, however, he touches the shortcomings of French society with gloved hands. His is not the mordant satire of Beaumarchais or the blunt assault of Augier and Dumas *fils*.

In the "pleasant plays" the art of de Flers is perfection. Their gaiety is tempered by sentiment. They end happily after providing not only an agreeable picture of life but some useful maxim duly exemplified. They are all "well-made." In technique, indeed, de Flers excels. He is as supple and resourceful as Scribe or Sardou. He eliminates everything likely to shock and irritate, and he includes whatever will gratify. He reacts against the *pièce mal faite*, itself a reaction from the *pièce bien faite*. He banks upon cleverness and wit. "What heresy to condemn wit in Paris!" exclaims M. Doumic. "The dialogue of a *comédie de genre* should scintillate with epigrams; as for de Flers, he fills each of his pieces with enough for two."

Laughter and tears are conjoined by de Flers in his comedies of sentiment. Now one, now the other predominates. In *Papa*, pathos prevails. This is a Daudet-like story of a natural

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son legitimatized against his will by his father, to whom he yields his sweetheart. In *Miquette and her Mother*, gaiety holds sway, and the humble heroine not only wins a count for a husband, but arranges for the marriage of her widowed mother—a provincial shop-keeper—to his uncle, a marquis. Improbable as is the double wedding, de Flers, by his verve, makes it credible. Mirth is to the fore, also, in *The Fan*. A modern Célimène, whose fan symbolizes the power of the coquette, has temporarily ceased immolating her victims upon that weapon. Having broken it, as a vanquished general breaks his sword, Giselle for the moment leads wayward men back to the path of virtue, finally even accepting the hand of her jilted lover. But he, poor fellow, must learn that a coquette will sooner or later replace her broken fan, —sooner rather than later.

Best among de Flers's "pleasant plays" is *Love Watches*. Here a young wife resolves, like Dumas's Francillon, to punish her unfaithful husband in kind, but at the critical moment loses courage. To what does Jacqueline owe her salvation? According to the marquise, "There is but one thing that can keep a woman to the true path; and that is education." From such a view the curé naturally dissents, declaring that more important than education is religion. Both are wrong, affirms Jacqueline's uncle, who awards the palm to love. "A woman can be preserved only by love,—not the love which she inspires, but that which she feels. Let diamond cut diamond. Love alone is sufficiently strong to defend us against love." It is love, then, that is the source of Jacqueline's virtue. This comedy is a delightful mixture of sentimentality and drollery, of observation and imagination. It is swift and lively, replete with smart sayings, beautifully constructed, and altogether charming. If its situations and characters are not original, they are nevertheless so deftly combined as to render the play a favorite in every European capital and in America.

Scarcely less remarkable has been the vogue of de Flers's political pieces. In *The King* he satirizes the infatuation of democratic France for princes, depicting with brilliant burlesque the visit of the sovereign of a petty state to republican Paris. The citizens fall at his Majesty's feet; even Socialist deputies

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bleat "Sire!" content to surrender to the noble monarch their wives and sweethearts. Here the bourgeois Socialist has succeeded the bourgeois *gentilhomme* of old; M. Bourdier has replaced the immortal M. Jourdain; and Mme. de Pompadour is resuscitated. Little wonder that this play was hailed by French critics as the most impertinent and gaily corrosive satire upon French manners witnessed for many a year.

Equally amusing is *The Green Coat*, which pokes fun at the French Academy, and incidentally, also, at a parvenue American duchess, who talks the most absurd French jargon and compromises her husband's honor. Throughout, comedy tends to lapse into farce, and echoes may be heard from *Les Précieuses ridicules* and *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. The result is so grotesque as to leave the Immortals unscathed; yet there is excellent foolery here in the vein of Bernard Shaw. Thus, when the Royalist duke pays a visit to the President of the French Republic, he notices a beautiful bust, and asks what it represents. "That is the Republic," answers the President. "I don't know her," responds the Duke, "but she's not so ugly. Is this a good likeness?" The President concedes that the likeness is a bit more youthful than the original. Then the Duke points out a crack that may widen. "No doubt," says the President, "but I have consulted a specialist, and there's nothing to fear for seven years,"—an allusion to the length of the presidential term in France. Best of all is the *discours de réception*, a jocular parody upon the usual Academic address. Whatever the fate of the play as a whole, this scene will endure; even Molière has scarcely surpassed it.

During the six years following 1914, de Flers composed no plays. He had lost his faithful collaborator, and he was engaged in military service, being cited for bravery in action and awarded the Croix de Guerre. For part of the time he was attached to the French legation in Roumania, and after the Armistice he served as *chargé d'affaires* in Bucharest. In 1919, from April to August, he waged a newspaper campaign in favor of according greater freedom in the determination of world politics to the smaller nations, especially to Serbia, Poland, Greece, Hungary, and Roumania. His various articles on this subject he has

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recently collected in a volume called *The Little Table*, a title derived from the practice of putting children to eat at a little table while their elders are dining at a large one. Here, through de Flers, the smaller nations protest against being set apart from the big nations and demand admission to their counsels.

De Flers of late has been occupied, also, with his labors as associate editor of the *Figaro*. He has written, with Francis de Croisset, a drama, *The Return*, produced last October at the Athénée. Even now he is preparing for the Société des Conférences a series of lectures dealing with his brilliant predecessors in the field of comedy, Meilhac and Halévy. It is to *The Return* that we naturally look for evidence of dramatic powers developed by the great conflict. The story is of a diplomat whose three years of wedlock before 1914 have been unhappy. He is too cold and methodical to please his wife. She, yearning for tenderness and gaiety, would leave him, but the war supervenes. Jacques, as a captain of infantry, becomes for Colette a hero, the more admired when distant in the East. On his return after the Armistice, Colette and her mother embrace him, though disappointed to find him in mufti. To their questions about the war he retorts, "Oh, I beg you,—my slippers and a bath." Within a few months husband and wife are at odds again, and Colette, piqued by his devotion to work, asks him for a divorce. Then Jacques, awakening to his folly, and resolved upon the reconquest of his wife, adopts an ingenious expedient. Pretending to consent to their separation, he asks only to look for his own successor. Until this successor can be found, the household in appearance will remain the same. His mother-in-law is satisfied, as she anticipates a fashionable success that winter.

So the quest of a new husband begins. As for Colette, she takes little interest in it until a former admirer introduces his cousin Marcel, a dashing officer, with whom she falls in love. In jealousy the husband forgets his rôle and grows threatening, and Colette returns to her mother. But a reconciliation is soon effected. The rivals for Colette discover that they have fought side by side in the same sector as brothers in arms. So Marcel will surrender the lady to her husband. She weeps at this loss of her lover, but it chances that a letter, written by Jacques in the

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East a year earlier, makes its belated appearance and reveals to her his deep-seated tenderness. As she listens to the reading of this confession of his love penned at a moment when he felt himself in mortal danger, their tears mingle, and they embrace. Thus, thanks to the French Burleson, a married couple is transformed into a pair of lovers, and a household in danger of dissolution is saved.

It is evident that the World War has wrought in Robert de Flers no absolute change. The conflict seems chiefly to have developed his emotional faculties. Like Daudet after 1870, he reveals a larger sensibility, a sympathy more tender, and at times an indulgent pity—qualities which serve to temper his sparkling *ésprit.* Yet, *ésprit* he possesses in abundance. Nor does his inventive resourcefulness show signs of diminution. Though continuing to hover upon the verge of the *risqué,* he resists the temptation to indulge in pornographic comedy. If, as *The Return* seems to indicate, the war has given him an outlook more serious, we need not fear that he will lose his proverbial *sourire de Paris.* He is not a reformer with a mission. He is a humorist, successful in the use of Shavian banter and paradox, but much more of an artist than Shaw. Unlike the witty Irishman, he respects the virtues of form, and exhibits a mastery of natural dialogue and an acute insight into human motives. Indeed, as a psychologist of love he ranks not far below Capus, Bataille, Porto-Riche, and de Curel.

Whatever his future achievements, it must be admitted that no other dramatist of his generation—not even Sacha Guitry, Courteline, or Tristan Bernard—has provided for theatre-goers so many delightful evenings. For their enjoyment he has composed pieces smart and debonnaire, not so moral as to bore, nor yet so immoral as to offend. Delighting in fantasy, his plays avoid the vulgar and the cynical. They reveal no trace of the brutality and bitterness of naturalism. Indeed, de Flers is the first since Labiche to titillate so agreeably the emotions of his audience, "relieving laughter with April tears, and tears with April sunshine."

WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY.

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TWO VICTORIAN BOYHOODS

BY STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

THE boy is sometimes father of the man, but more often he is the son of his own generation. His ideals may mould the future, but they are born of the past. To care greatly to become a statesman, a poet, or a man, is to care for those things of the past which belong to leadership, poetry, or manhood. All thoughts, all passions, all delights that stir the frame of boyhood are critiques upon the past. Ruskin's *Two Boyhoods* is apposite. Giorgione in brilliant Venice and Turner in dim Covent Garden gather up the traditions of their peoples.

So do Victorian boyhoods. Catholicism, Evangelicalism, Socialism, Rationalism, a very riot of isms—"infinite jumble and mess and dislocation," groans Carlyle!—were all whirled in a crucible and poured into the minds of wretched little Victorians. How the juvenilia of the nineteenth century add their treble to the philosophical burden! Diaries of the callow period are tiny pools churned and darkened by the main currents of thought. Dear little Tory Ruskin's chief hope in life is "to see Kings." Kingsley (*aetat* four) composes a nursery sermon with the final assurance: "Yea, ye generation of vipers!" At fifteen Tom Huxley speculates on the origin of colors at sunset; at the same age Walter Besant wriggles in the family pew, while from the pulpit is droned, hours long, the rose-tinted message of John Calvin.

Of all Victorian autobiographies, two are at once most like and and most unlike, most characteristic and most extraordinary, and most seminal, if you believe in the unvictorianism of the Victorians. These two books are the *Autobiography of John Stuart Mill*, and *Father and Son*, now known to have been written by Edmund Gosse. To allude to these books as *Two Victorian Boyhoods* is whimsical: Mill's boyhood was Georgian, and his book is of manhood; Gosse's book is of boyhood, and his manhood is modern. Yet the boyhoods of both men were profoundly

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Victorian. Victorianism is not a table of dates, but of antipodal states of mind. Though Mill was thirty-one years old at the accession of the Queen, he was victimized by a particular trend of Victorian thought; and though Mr. Gosse is now alive and has just given us his humane *Life of Swinburne*, he was for many years enslaved by yet another system. The imprisoner of Mill's youthful mind was fanatical rationalism; of Gosse's, fanatical religion. These two powerful modes of thought, like Balin and Balan, fought not only all enemies, but each other. Chesterton's name for the grapple of the two forces is the "Victorian Compromise." Understand them, and you may apprehend some of the intellectual secrets of the age.

It is more than a paradox to say that the two different boyhoods were similar. Both boys were the sons of distinguished fathers. The historian of India needs no appraisal; and but for *Omphalos*, which strove to reconcile the last chapter of geology with the first chapter of Genesis, the elder Gosse would have retained the respect of Darwin and Huxley. Both fathers were supremely proprietary: Mill and Gosse felt not the stimulus but the imposition of an education. Their boyish minds were *forced* into the paternal thought-grooves. Each education was severe, and, though not equally so, each was narrow. At the age of three, Mill was coolly learning Greek vocables; at the age of four, Gosse was tearfully memorizing interminable hymns, psalms, and chapters of scripture. Here, in lowest terms, were Hellenism and Hebraism. Mill was forbidden to read the Bible; Gosse was denied all else. Neither curriculum suggests a liberal education. Of the enriching experience of being merely a boy, neither Mill nor Gosse had an intimation. James Mill considered the society of healthy, apple-eating boys a species of decadence. And Gosse draws a black vignette of himself with "Benny," a "playmate": The two children wandered up and down the garden wondering how to play! Years later Mill remarked to Caroline Fox that he had no notion of a normal boyhood; and no such confession is required from the author of *Father and Son*. Another similarity, of importance to the world: they both achieved intellectual independence; and, in the case of Gosse, this was nothing less than the end of spiritual bondage.

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Victorian propriety is a by-word that misleads; it connotes restraint. But no age was more aggressively dogmatic than the Victorian. In politics there was war without quarter. "I have no hesitation in saying," Mr. Gladstone told Mr. G. W. E. Russell, "that if the repeal of the Corn Laws had been defeated, we should have had a revolution." Charles Kingsley feared ("hoped" would be hyperbole) a revolution in 1848. Science, too, was an incredible irritant: "O ye men of science, ye men of science," sighed a clergyman, "leave us our ancestors in paradise, and you may have yours in Zoological gardens!" If Newman's *Loss and Gain* is realism, then Charles Reading's anguished farewell to his mother, when he turns Catholic, was a typical *mis en scène*. Yet Newman, if one trusts Carlyle, had only the brain of a full-grown rabbit. Pusey said man was a spiritual humpback, deformed by sin, but others thought him a likable person without any religion at all. When Lord Melbourne was compelled to listen to a sermon on sin, he declared indignantly: "Things have come to a pretty pass when religion is allowed to invade the sphere of private life." There were fewer stake-burnings than in preceding centuries, but more heart-burnings, and just as much bitterness. People did not disagree with their friends; they converted them; and the damning of enemies to uncomfortable eternities was a postulate in every charitable creed. The households, both of Mill and Gosse, shared this sweet intolerance; the vivid difference lay merely in the objects at which it was aimed.

Mill's father was a spiritual descendant of the eighteenth century rationalists. His mentor and complete friend was Jeremy Bentham. Surely young Mill's prattle was of syllogisms. I fancy him, like Hercules, in the cradle strangling with logical baby fingers serpentine irrationalisms. But motivating every thought of the elder Gosse was John Calvin. Long before Edmund Gosse's birth he was "dedicated to the Lord." Mill, the eldest son of the political economist, was as truly dedicated to Reason. Robespierre's consecration to the goddess at the Feast of the *Être Supreme* was more scenic but less sincere than John Stuart Mill's. Thus the guardian angels of Reason and Religion were appointed for two Victorian boys. "I was brought up,"

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says Mill, "from the first, without any religious belief, in the ordinary acceptation of the term." "I read," says Gosse, as if antiphonally, "the Bible every day, and at much length; also . . . a book of incommunicable dreariness, called Newton's *Thoughts on the Apocalypse*. . . . I made a sort of playful compact with my Mother that if I read aloud a certain number of pages out of *Thoughts on the Apocalypse*, as a reward I should be allowed to recite 'my own favorite hymns.'" Imagine James Mill's opinion of such a compact!

For, says his son, "he impressed upon me, from the first, that the manner in which the world came into existence was a subject on which nothing was known: that the question 'Who made me?' cannot be answered, because we have no experience or authentic information from which to answer it; and that any answer only throws the difficulty a step farther back, since the question immediately presents itself, 'Who made God?'" This blasphemous question was never raised by the Gosse family. Who would debate an axiom? "My parents," Gosse says, "founded every action, every attitude, upon their interpretation of the Scriptures, and guidance of the Divine Will, as revealed to them by direct answer to prayer."

The child soon thought of Him as a persistent Guest, and one rather difficult to entertain. He was a literal Fourth never absent from the family group. At prayers, of course, but also at the breakfast table, in the walks about London, there "*He*" was. Not cheerful company, either: "When my mother had tucked me up in bed, and had heard me say my prayer, and had prayed aloud on her knees at my side, and had stolen downstairs, noises immediately began in the room. There was a rustling of clothes, and a slapping of hands, and a gurgling, and a sniffing, and a trotting. These horrible muffled sounds would go on, and die away, and be resumed; I would pray God to save me from my enemies."

O *dies irae!* Painted hell! What relish to burn all mankind save the "Plymouth Brethren"! Or, if an Anabaptist, what joy to burn all mankind, especially the "Plymouth Brethren." Here, at last, is the true Setebos. Here is a God who wearies not in torturing little children: "If anyone was ill, it showed

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that 'the Lord's hand was extended in chastisement,' and much prayer was poured forth in order that it might be explained to the sufferer, or to his relations, in what he or they had sinned. People would, for instance, go on living over a cesspool, working themselves into an agony to discover how they had incurred the displeasure of the Lord." But among the Mills, there was no chimera of a flaming pit. "Think," James Mill was wont to say, "of a being who would make a Hell—who would create the human race with the infallible foreknowledge, and therefore with the intention, that the great majority of them were to be consigned to horrible and everlasting torment!"

Spectral religion made Gosse's boyhood a nightmare. It is difficult for the modern reader of *Father and Son* to see how he preserved his mind. In the zoological age of H. G. Wells you qualify your church-membership, if cornered on that point, by the adjective "nominal." "I am not much interested in religion," says a "nominal" friend of mine, and his mild satire is echoed in earnest from three million American country-clubs. Family prayers are as fashionable as the hoopskirt or the one-horse shay, and grace before meat is the unspoken: "There being no minister present, let's thank God and sit down." Accordingly, we doubt first the sincerity and then the sanity of the Gosses.

Every dedication of a child "to the Lord" in the fifties must have won another grin from Moloch. With the child's first breath the father began to prepare him for communion with "the saints," that is, the "Plymouth Brethren." Gosse's father insisted upon instant spiritual efflorescence. He tilled the new soul intensively, passionately. "Sacrificial" whippings, hymns of humiliation, the "jealous God," a "personal Devil," and the "blood of Jesus,"—all accelerated the state of grace.

Indeed, this apprenticeship nearly brought the final beatitude promised to the elect. This period of Gosse's life is a study in nerves. A bit of plum-pudding, furtively eaten on a dismal Christmas day, nearly solved the problem of Eternity:

> Shortly I began to feel that pain inside which in my frail state was inevitable, and my conscience smote me violently. At length I could bear my spiritual anguish no longer, and bursting into the study I called out: "Oh!

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Papa, Papa, I have eaten of flesh, offered to idols!" I shut my eyes and lay quite still, in order to escape conversing with them, and they spoke to one another. "Ah, poor lamb," Kate said trivially, "*he's* not long for this world; going home to Jesus, he is,—in a jiffy, I should say by the look of 'un." But Susan answered: "Not so. I dreamed about 'un, and I know for sure that he is to be spared for missionary service. . . ." "Yes," Susan went on with solemn emphasis, "he'll bleed for his Lord in heathen parts, that's what the future have in store for *'im*."

Gosse was spared. When ten years old, after an ecstatic public baptism, he was admitted "as an adult" to the saints. His was now a special ministry: it was his duty to speak unceasingly "in season and out of season of the blood of Jesus." This fanatical religious life continued throughout Gosse's early manhood.

Meanwhile (at a corresponding age) Mill was plundering Greek and Latin literature. His province included all history and philosophy. Latin was begun in his eighth year, and Aristotle's Rhetoric had been made into synoptic tables before he was twelve. Simultaneously, he *wrote* histories and verse. Henry Gosse developed, he thought, his son's soul; James Mill gave part of his life to his son's intellect. As a result, he was able to make the astounding and truthful statement that John Stuart Mill surpassed his contemporaries intellectually by a quarter of a century. How ironic that each father scorned the concern dearest to the other! Of his religious training, Mill says: "I am thus one of the very few examples, in this country, of one who has, not thrown off religious belief but never had it." While Gosse, save for a little science and other *obiter dicta*, was taught nothing except Christ crucified. He was in his teens when James Sheridan Knowles explained to him the meaning of the word "stage," and mentioned—for the first time in his hearing—the name of Shakespeare. Of the logic, psychology, and philosophy on which Mill was nurtured, he had not heard. Each father indulged his prejudices, and in both sons the minds were bent. But it is not proposed to compare the knowledge or the quality of mind of these two different and not contemporary men, but rather the ψυχή behind each boyhood. Reiteration is pardonable: As the *motif* of Gosse's youth was religion, that of

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Mill's was reason. It was not that Mill was made to read thoroughly; the point is that he was made to think. He once used the word "idea." "What is an *idea*"?, demanded James Mill, turning upon him sharply. The staccato question is a symbol. Then and always Mill had to find out what things were.

The religion of the Gosses inspired a deep emotional life. Gosse's boyhood was hallowed by a real tenderness. The certitude of God sometimes brings peace without stint. Gosse's picture of his mother is lovely: "My Father and Mother," he says, "lived so completely in the atmosphere of faith, and were so utterly convinced of their intercourse with God, that, so long as that intercourse was not clouded by sin, to which they were delicately sensitive, they could afford to take the passing hour very lightly. . . . My Mother was sometimes extremely gay, laughing with a soft, merry sound. What I have since been told of the guileless mirth of nuns in a convent has reminded me of the gaiety of my parents during my early childhood." Their table-talk was a naïve mélange of science and holy writ: "We were sitting at family prayers, on a summer morning, I think in 1855, when through the open window a brown moth came sailing. My Mother immediately interrupted the reading of the Bible by saying to my Father, 'O! Henry, do you think that can be *boletobia?*' My Father rose up from the sacred Book, examined the insect, which had now perched, and replied: 'No! it is only the common Vapourer, *orgygia antiqua*,' resuming his seat, and the exposition of the Word, without any apology or embarrassment."

But James Mill's rationalization of life included his wife and children. He owned to destructive theories concerning the family unit. Objects of respect he aimed to make his children; objects of affection they were not. Mill does not shrink from an indictment. In the chapter on his father he says: "The element which was chiefly deficient in his moral relation to his children was that of tenderness."

In these boyhoods are exhibited *in parvo* two Victorian tendencies: extreme Rationalism and extreme Religion. Each was a false ideal. It was a peculiarity of the Victorians to mistake a coign of vantage for the summit of the mountain. They created

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cults and called them perfection. The two boyhoods attest this. For nearly thirty years Matthew Arnold pleaded with his countrymen not to emphasize the means of attaining perfection, whether reason, religion, or railroads, but Perfection itself. Not by the syllogism nor by "the blood of Jesus in season and out of season" shall we overtake Truth. When the pursuers become frantic, the mysterious goddess veils her face and flees. Perhaps she laughs. Certainly she smiles at devotees who immolate in her name boys like John Stuart Mill and Edmund Gosse.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

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SALONS OLD AND NEW

BY MURIEL HARRIS

It is often difficult to decide whether any given social phenomenon is a reaction or a revival. In Italy the new learning was in one sense a revival, but in another it was a reaction against the dull and stereotyped doctrine of force and destruction. The French salon owed much to the new philosophers, the new litterateurs, but on the other hand, it was definitely a protest against the heavy pomp and egotism of Louis Quatorze. And since that overwhelming monarch lasted a very long time and since Mme. de Maintenon underlined all that was heaviest and dullest at the then French court, a reaction of a very marked kind was almost inevitable. The French salon of the eighteenth century therefore seems to have been a reaction against two conditions—against pomposity and dulness and heaviness generally and against the monopoly by men of any sort of intellectual society and the relegation of women to backstairs "amours" and court intrigue. Incidentally too, it intensified a tradition, which had already held in France and which holds to this day more than in any other country—namely that youth and beauty were not the only qualities desirable in women. During the salon period, women not only might have minds, but minds took the place in quite a number of cases of anything in the shape of good looks. And not even the "*femme savante*" of the bluestocking conception has ever succeeded since in preventing the Frenchman from enjoying brains in a woman.

There were other conditions which crystallized the genius of the moment into the well-marked social phenomenon which every woman of culture has ever since desired to emulate. There was a relatively small, aristocratic society of great wealth and with abundance of house-room. There was a remarkable number of literary, philosophical and scientific men, many of whom, according to the usage of the day, were ready for patrons.

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At the same moment there was a group of women of well-marked character, versed in all the social usages, vying with each other in chasing lions, but at the same time supporting each other in the similarity of their conceptions. Further—and this is not the least important factor in a later survey of the eighteenth century salons—there was a number of admirable writers of memoirs and records of the brilliant society of the day. It is often forgotten how greatly a Johnson depends upon a Boswell for his reputation, a Chateaubriand upon a Saint-Beuve. Finally—and this is perhaps the greatest paradox of all, the eminent French hostesses who entertained Corneille, and Montaigne and Voltaire and Horace Walpole and La Rochefoucaud were not women of education at all in the modern sense. Conversing with the greatest minds of the century, they did this totally devoid, in the majority of cases, of even the rudiments of what we now call education. The Maréchale de Luxembourg, whose salon was the most exclusive perhaps of many, who might conceivably have had opportunity for a modicum of book education, was by no means profoundly instructed. And yet La Rochefoucaud found in Madame de la Fayette, D'Alembert in Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, Chateaubriand in Madame de Récamier the understanding and inspiration needed by every genius, while Voltaire actually complained of the erudition of Madame du Châtelet. Where the Frenchwoman excels and always has excelled is in her instinctive knowledge of men, her worldly wisdom. "*Femme du monde*" is no idle phrase. And the Frenchman has always reciprocated this knowledge with a profound attachment, very different from the fear of Horace Walpole that his friendship with so old a woman as Madame de Deffand might make him an object of ridicule. It is probably this innate knowledge of the world, as instanced in a little French girl who, on being asked why she thought Napoleon loved Marie Louise better than Josephine, answered "*parce qu'elle lui donna un fils*," which made of the French salon the clear-cut, social phenomenon that it was. At least it has never been repeated in other countries with quite such force and quite such brilliancy.

It was characteristic that the English salon should follow the French salon and that, generally speaking, it should take

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rather a different form. In some directions the English coffee house corresponded most accurately to the French salon. On the other hand, there was always the Swan of Lichfield, Miss Seward, whose Bath Easton parties are commemorated to this day. The Holland House circle stands out as perhaps the most typical of the English salons and here the conditions which made the French salon so successful were in a sense duplicated. To many of the distinguished foreigners who thronged Holland House, Lord Holland himself, with his sympathy, learning and understanding, was the attraction. But Lady Holland played very ably the rôle of mistress of a salon which included as constant visitors such guests as Sheridan, Sir Philip Francis—supposed to have been the author of the Letters of Junius—Byron, Lord Brougham, Washington Irving, Tallyrand, Metternich and a host of others. A woman who could tell Macaulay to talk about something else as he was getting dull, who could order Sydney Smith to ring the bell and take good-humoredly his retort, "Oh yes, and shall I sweep the room?," and could do this with perfect equanimity, was a woman of the calibre worthy of the salon. But Lady Holland's salon was essentially the product of an aristocrat, bored with the inanity of her peers and finding in clever juxtaposition of clever men of all sorts the piquancy which became the breath of life to her. Here it resembled the French salons, except that it had no peers. On the other hand it practically ignored the feminine side of society and had nothing at all in common with the blue-stockings.

Actually the English salon was quite often not a salon at all. Lady Dorothy Nevill, for instance, gave lunches which approximated the salon far more than did entertainments seeking to emulate them. She made a point of being at home every Sunday and she made a point of good food. Naturally of quite remarkable tolerance and un-selfconsciousness, she invited all and sundry, and of recent London hostesses, she was by far the most remarkable. Almost up to the day of her death, but a short time ago, this little old lady with a tiny face and a large red wig, with an autocratic manner and an eighteenth-century mode of pronouncing "cucumber" and "coffee" and "china," entertained every one of note who passed through London. Her friendship with

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Edmund Gosse, with Frederic Harrison, is writ large in her own Memoirs, but she was also keenly interested in young writers, poets, statesmen, and an invitation to lunch at Charles Street was to receive a patent of distinction. Her wit was too personal to transmit, but on one occasion she was met at a picture-show by a friend, who asked her why her hair was black that day. "I'm in mourning," she said drily.

In general in England the spirit of the salon lives now in a number of smaller groups of people, drawn together on a common basis and eliminating the idea of any particularly central figure—unless that central figure be a particular lion. Henry James, for instance, practically carried the salon spirit about with him, though, contrary to the French custom, he was the centre of a group of women. From his home in Chelsea, he visited his friends, where congregated a little crowd of adorers, including the Misses Palgrave, daughters of the compiler of the *Golden Treasury*, "the gentle sisters" as he used to call them, the Trevelyans, great-nephews of Macaulay and well known historians and biographers, the Arnolds, Lady Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, the Tennysons and a number of others.

In Chelsea too, there are to-day a number of well-known English families of long literary tradition, whose weekly evenings have a good deal in common with the thought of the salon, if without its brilliant surroundings. A real salon used to be that of Felix Moscheles, whose beautiful London garden allowed them also to be held during the early summer. Through Mrs. Moscheles' salon used to pass practically all the musicians and actors of the day, and Ellen Terry, with her gay, charming, child-like character, was a frequent visitor there. Mrs. J. R. Green's Sundays formed another literary centre, and the wife of the distinguished historian mixed in with Irish patriots young people and old, treating them with a lack of ceremony which some of them found embarrassing, as instance the occasion of a large dinner party at her house. Instead of sitting down to dinner, she drew on her gloves, and said she was sorry to leave her guests to themselves but she wanted to dine with Lord Haldane and had forgotten about it until that minute. But the salon as of old

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really exists no more in London, and it is only in these fragmentary groups that you find any of its spirit left.

What then is the future of the salon—if any? Is it quite impossible to recapture the impulse which combined at once so many factors to form a brilliant society of intellect? There were perhaps never so many ideas afloat as is the case to-day. Is there to be no centralizing genius which shall gather them once again into an articulate and living society? In one sense, such companies of wit and talent and thought are almost essential to the well-being of the genius, whoever he is. Loneliness, lack of understanding, are not the least of the difficulties with which the genius of to-day has to cope. It was no doubt partly sheer loneliness on the part of the man ahead of his time, which made the success of the French salons, in that they provided him at once with admiration and with companions who could speak his language. In France and England the day of the salon seems to be definitely over. Conditions in the two old countries are changing fast. Wealth for one thing has changed hands; the stringencies of the war have left people dispirited; there is little light-heartedness, little of the impulse necessary to make a hobby of what may seem the unessential. Literature and art have received a blow from which they are not yet likely to recover and nationalism and all the other "isms" have taken their place. Also a certain naïveté, a certain ability to enjoy frankly and without reserve belong perhaps to an earlier age. Culture is widely enough spread for it to cease to be remarkable in the old sense. A Bath tea-party has a bygone suggestion about it to-day, no matter how distinguished its guests. There is none of the sharp division between the aristocrat and the man of letters which made their discovery of each other so unusually thrilling. Where then do the conditions exist, which again might produce the salons of the eighteenth century France?

It is possible that the next salons may exist in America. Here great wealth is concentrated, making possible the fundamental question of hospitality. Here the tendency to form exclusive and aristocratic communities is, if anything, on the up-grade. Here again culture is sought, very much as it was sought in the eighteenth century. In no European country, for instance, could

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be found such lecture audiences as exist now in the United States. In no other country at the present time is the distinguished visitor such a factor. In no other country do hostesses go to such pains concerning the personal element. In France and England, you may take it or leave it, according as you like society or not. Here, you are specially catered for, and there is genuine appreciation, even while it is more undiscriminating than in Europe, of talent of every kind. There are plenty of American traditions of the salon in colonial days. Elizabeth Graeme of Philadelphia, the Republican drawing-rooms, the Robert Morris', Mrs. Meredith, all of these show a salon spirit which is very much more than an echo from an older world. And if at the end of the eighteenth century the voyage to the United States was by no means a seven days' wonder and distinguished foreigners came there from all parts of the world, how much are the difficulties of travel decreased to-day and how greatly is America—sometimes for reasons which will not bear investigation—become the magnet, attracting learning and culture from all the old countries? In Paris, American hostesses are well-known and have a place of their own, and as America becomes more self-sufficing, less dependent on the stimulus of outside thought, who shall not say that her quick spirit, her enthusiasm, her capacity for enjoyment of things worn out in the old world, shall not make her the lineal descendant of the brilliant eighteenth and nineteenth century company which to this day stirs our imagination and our desire?

MURIEL HARRIS.

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LITTLE BROTHER OF THE MOUNTAINS

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

HALF an hour ago Mabel, my little mountain chum, went away to the mission boarding school. I watched the old horse and the old buggy jolt over the rocks and disappear into the green gloom of rhododendron, and I knew that a new life was beginning for Mabel. It is as if you should catch a little wild wood sprite to cage and school her. I wonder whether her stars and her dreams and her mountain mother might not have been the better teachers. Last night Ma Duncan and I sat long on the porch steps while the evening stole softly down upon the three peaks of Craggy. Was it because in the morning the "least one" of her eight was to go forth from her home that Ma Duncan told me so much about her little boy who died twenty years ago, her second son?

With what immortal persistence little dead children live in a mother's memory, so that to me, her friend, little Chris moves as vividly as any of the small brown mountain boys whose bare feet to-day pad shyly beside mine along some hidden mountain trail! I seem to see him flashing at his mother's side in the big dusky kitchen, or through brown and green woodways, for "he was always with me, except when he'd be off in the fields a-workin' with his brother and his daddy. He was always such a little worker, and him only goin' on ten when he died. He wore his little body out, that's what he done!"

She tells me of his quick mind, of his singing, of his story-spinning. "There was somethin' about him folks always felt, somethin' different, that made everybody notice him. Folks would stop him in the road to talk to him, and they'd always want him to tell 'em stories. He'd start right in and tell, like it was real and in such grand words, things he'd make up as if they'd happened to him in the woods, things he'd 'maginate he saw." She dreams on, "Once in a while I see folks that has eyes

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like little Chris's, so brown and shinin'. I wish you could have seen his eyes. The old folks always told me I'd never raise him. He was too good for this world and too good for the rest of us."

The mountain mystery of endlessly whispering woods is all about us. Where else should people dream dreams and see visions, and hear the far cries of mystery? "Did I ever tell you the dream I had about him 'fore ever he was sick? I dreamed him and me was standin' yonder at that gate, and lookin' down at the ford below, shinin' with the sunset. Just then I saw right down there by the creek, a whole company of little soldiers. No bigger than little Chris they was, and all dressed in blue uniforms and all goin' through the movements with their rifles, like they was practicin'. While we was watchin' 'em, they riz right up in the air toward us; until they was right above our heads, still goin' through all the movements. And little Chris says, 'Ma, I can go with them little soldiers,' and right then he riz up in the air, too, and he went on with them, and left me a-standin' there alone until I couldn't see 'em no more."

Certain incidents enshrine him. He finds his untaught mother struggling to read Dinwiddie's sermons, and the mite of eight takes the book from her, and wrestles with it until he can read and explain it to her. "And he understood all the meanin' of it just as plain!" Again he is trudging a narrow road with the sister two years older, when some loose horses come tearing down upon them. He quickly makes his sister climb the fence, but when she cries to him to follow he stands staunch, "'Don't you know I must take care of my sister?' is what he said,—Nora, she's told me about it a-many a time, how she looked back and saw him standin' there plumb in the middle of the road, a-pickin' up rocks to throw at them horses, and, what do you think, he stood there a-throwin' rocks until he turned 'em back, and him so small!"

The story of the last six months sounds Hardy-esque in the fatality of the small circumstances that prevent the coming of the doctor. "It was at Christmas first I noticed. He *would* walk down to the station to get his Christmas presents,"—a matter of ten rough miles for a child who had a secret heart disease,—"It was after that his feet swelled, and I said to Daddy, 'Little

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Chris ain't well,' and to git the doctor, but Daddy he said for me not to worry and to keep on a-bathin' his feet. And it's true the child wasn't sick, so as men-folks could tell it. And he got better of that time. Along about in April I began to see how a white streak would come across his forehead, and again I says to Daddy, 'Little Chris ain't well. Don't take him into the fields to work no more.' But little Chris he would be a-doin' wherever there was work to do. But he knowed. Oh, from the first I know he knowed!"

Still the tale of the doctor not brought, of passing travelers promising to tell him there was an ailing child up this way, and then forgetting, until when at last the doctor came, "Old Doctor Russell it was who'd always known me, and when he saw little Chris, and listened at his heart, he just took him in his arms and cried. Little Chris was still runnin' around the house then, but pretty soon he had to quit, and toward the end of June he went. But he'd say to me, 'don't cry, Ma, don't shed a tear for me. It's easier for you I should be took from you this way when I'm small than that I should be torn from you, when I'm a man, to go away to the cruel war that's a-comin'.' Wasn't it strange he should say that, and there was no talk of any war then anywhere!"

We are silent, looking off to those watchful turrets of old Craggy. I am thinking of all mothers everywhere, who always must one day give up their babies, sometimes to death, sometimes to life. Long ago little Chris went away into the secret country, and now Mabel—like him, more her mother's comrade than any of the other children—must go away into the land of life; which of the two, when the mother's pilgrimage draws to its end, shall seem closer to her? After a long pause, Chris's mother says, questioning the steadfast peaks over which the pale rain-mist is brooding, "The future life and the Judgment Day and all that, don't nobody know nothin' 'bout that really," and again, "it's queer what a body'll go through in a life, and still keep right on as if nothin' had ever happened."

Then pondering the mystery of living as she had pondered the mystery of death, "I reckon we got to keep on. The Lord will forgive us everythin' but to quit tryin'!"

But someone inside is restless, perhaps with the low hum of

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our voices, or perhaps in the father's heart, too, burns a portrait of the dead child whose name I have never heard him mention. God alone knows whether men do not suffer as much as mothers do. Yet how heavy-thudding on the porch are the feet that make us break off talking, Chris's mother and I! The sharp yet wordless interruption reminds me of Robert Frost's *Home Burial*, and makes me ponder the mystery of marriage and of motherhood.

I have sometimes heard Ma Duncan exclaim in wonder, "There's some says there ain't no God!" and, thinking of little Chris, I share that puzzlement, for on what hypothesis except a God can one account for the strange grafting of unearthly loveliness on heavy earth-stock, or explain the little singing soul who was "too good for the rest of us"?

WINIFRED KIRKLAND.

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ELOQUENCE

BY EDWARD A. THURBER

"SUCH a pity," says my friend, "such a pity" (we meet but once a year and thus our conversations overlap); "it is such a pity," he says, "that Webster ever won the Dartmouth College case!" And then he tells of Chief Justice Marshall's face and eyes,—"It is, sir, as I have said, a small college, and yet there are those who love it." The tears rolled from those vanquished orbs; the cheeks glistened; the brain was on fire; the hand was loth to stay for paper,—"No," the Justice proclaimed, "the charter shall not be changed without the consent of the corporation." And this decision, my friend avers, has worked untold harm; it put up a bar to social progress.

Carlyle, in his denunciation of eloquence, risks a still higher flight; Demosthenes himself comes in question. Phocion's words had no wings, yet it was Phocion to whom the Athenians should have hearkened. "You cannot fight Philip," he said; "you have not the slightest chance with Philip. He is a man who holds his tongue; he has great disciplined armies; a full treasury; can bribe you, with your idle clamorings; this man Demosthenes is simply tickling your auditory nerves." Thus Froude treats Cicero in contrasting his eloquence with the plain speech of Caesar; thus so many treat Rousseau, that lawless, neurotic man whose resplendent utterance has befuddled us all. Was it Isaiah who gave his king such poor advice, or was it another prophet, or was it the way of prophets to be eloquent—and wrong?

Very likely the answer to these strictures on winged words is that eloquence itself is not at stake. The fear of eloquence may be like the fear of logic—no real fear at all. One dreads fallacy and one dreads liars who figure and turbulent men who declaim; and there the matter rests. And there I do not wish it to rest; I am irked by eloquence.

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"In the main," asserts a clever man, "logic is not a productive tool so much as a weapon of defense," and he goes on to say that a wide experience of active intellectual affairs will lead most people to the conclusion that logic is mainly valuable as a weapon to exterminate logicians. "Logicians," declared Newman, "are more set upon concluding rightly than upon right conclusions. They cannot see the end for the process." And it is a joy to quote Newman approvingly, for he is at times, alas, violently fervid of speech.

How one might sit and ponder upon the crimes that lie at the door of eloquence, those flagrant words that stir men to belief and action! The man of rhythms breaks in upon the council, and because he stands well and waves well and booms well, he is listened to, and his advice is assumed as good; nay! the council leaps upon him, draws him to its bosom, and hails him mightily. The voice has melted; the look has subdued: is it because men are not reasoning animals?

If so, why should they hasten to employ logic to exterminate one another? What other animal ever does that! The heart of the difficulty appears to be that as men circumscribe the other animals in their range of emotions—to which, indeed, they give fantastic names—so are they superior to the lower animals in a possession all their own—that of reason. Occasionally one arises who is proud of this possession and makes good use of it, but for the most part men are content to let it lie fallow, to soothe themselves with rhythmic words. Thus it comes about that as logic is employed mainly as a weapon to exterminate logicians so is eloquence employed mainly as an artifice to supplant reason.

"Eloquence is the power of magnifying what is small and diminishing what is great." This saying of an "old man eloquent," Emerson characterizes as acute but partial. Yet his own fleet definitions do not put the mind so at rest. "Nothing but great weight in things," he declares, "can afford a quite literal speech," and proceeds forthwith to cloud this shaft of light with a "God himself does not speak prose." "What must have been the discourse of St. Bernard," exclaims Emerson, and we echo—what must it have been, indeed!—"when mothers hid their sons, wives their husbands, companions their friends, lest they should

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be led by his eloquence to join the monastery!" A few pages further on Emerson ascribes it as a merit in Lincoln that when he rose to a height of thought or of passion he came down to a language level with the ear of all his audience. Was not Lincoln handling things of great weight, and was not St. Bernard magnifying what was small! But Emerson's contradictions simply mark him as the playfellow of eloquence; the rhythmic phrase was music to his ear—he could not forego its harp-like laughter—"Give me health and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."

To me the ancient apothegm is not only acute but final; it explains the modicum of pleasure and the grievous anguish engendered by the winged word. Eloquence is at home only in the mid-regions; it is the child, the spoiled child, of commonplace. What if I had even called it the carrion about which vultures congregate! The great writers—I mean the very great—never employ eloquence for their finest thoughts, only for their seconds. They dandle it upon their knees, they chuck it, smooth out its pout, and whisk it away with them, it may be to some ghoul-haunted woodland, some misty mid-region of faerie. But never, when they are divinely serious or superbly imaginative, do they take any thought of this wilful baggage.

And as eloquence is a sort of vent for the after-thoughts of the great, so is it pasture, the sufficient feeding ground for all other writers and speakers, ranking from the small grubs who snatch disputed morsels, the burly pillagers who roar their stage thunder, even to those who tread on the very edges of the uplands where the browsing is no longer coarse and lush.

"It was that time of year," said Henry James in words that I do not remember; it was that period, that phase of Victorianism when the sea was called upon incontinently to roll. Yet it was not, of course, the verb that carried the eloquence so much as the state of mind and the preposition, "on." The sea could roll well enough of itself, but when one invoked it to "roll on," the motion was perpetuated to eternity. Thus in the lines of our most eloquent poet, Joaquin Miller, Columbus did not command his mutineers merely to sail, but to "Sail On! Sail On!" Sailing became one with discovery. Milton thought that to write

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poetry one ought himself to be a poem. Joaquin Miller ranged our western borders in long hair and high boots. Now these accoutrements are to the average man dispensable, but to pure eloquence they are imperative. And when you add to them a soft flowing collar, every word you utter will shake the hills.

There were, to be sure, about Byron certain neatnesses, a way he had of being at times plain and conventional that permitted him to rise into true poetry. He yields the palm of eloquence to Macaulay. Horatius, O Horatius, how well you kept the bridge! It took you seventy stanzas, but you did it; you achieved your purposes,—not quite, perhaps, in the fine Roman way; but with many a mid-Victorian gesture, in many a four beat and a three beat, in varied iambs and anapests, you rhymed your course; and the school boys, old and young, applaud you, for whatever you did and whatever you said, you epitomize the swollen longings of a decade of eloquence.

While Macaulay was beating the drum in verse and fingering tidy brass instruments in his essays and speeches, a contemporary, De Quincey, was in his music room, pulling out all the stops of the organ. De Quincey was one of the first among the moderns to devote to language the serious study toward massive and sustained effects accorded it by the Greek and Roman orators. To the latter, rhetoric was the art of persuading, and they put that art on its highest ground because they had to persuade, not a rabble, but groups and masses of intelligent, discriminating and sophisticated people. De Quincey was fond of the orators; he would hardly otherwise have described Burke as the "Supreme writer of his century." Yet, unlike Burke or Bossuet, he never had an audience before him, nor, like his successor, Newman, was he especially interested in persuading. De Quincey's subjects were literary and his audience cultivated readers. For them he bent his ear over his cadences, the rise and fall of his periods, and indulged himself in every variety of rhythmic effect,—"the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant, and swept it into my dreams forever." "—as she rose and sank upon her seat, sank and rose, threw up her arms wildly to heaven, clutched at some visionary object in the air, fainting, praying, raving, despairing!" This, I presume,

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is polyphonic prose. De Quincey's vibrations have a much grander sweep than Miss Lowell's, but they are not so decorative, neither does he pursue them so consistently. For his final spring he often chooses an apostrophe,—"O noble-minded Ann!" "Oxford Street, stony-hearted stepmother, thou that listenest to the sigh of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children!"

"A bright, ready and melodious talker," said Carlyle of De Quincey, "the finest silver-toned low voice—," and this was the best that Carlyle ever said of his older contemporary. Of Burke he had spoken: "A man vehement rather than earnest; a resplendent, far-sighted Rhetorician rather than a deep, sure Thinker."

De Quincey is the residuary legatee of the older rhetoricians, of those who had written impassioned prose in the two preceding centuries,—Raleigh, Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, Milton. In speaking of one of them he defines rhetoric by stating that where conviction begins, the province of rhetoric ends; rhetoric is rather to excite admiration than to bring conviction; and De Quincey makes a distinction between what he calls eloquent passion and rhetorical fancy; one remarkable characteristic of Taylor's style, he notes, is the constant strife and fluctuation between his rhetoric and his eloquence. This, I imagine, is the use of eloquence that Matthew Arnold intends, when he speaks of "poetry and eloquence," a use common enough and intelligible, but a use which seems to narrow the first word and to enlarge the second. Poetry often breaks over the confines of verse into prose, and the best poetry and the best prose are not eloquent. Even De Quincey who followed the stately phrase most assiduously, and who would not have followed it so far had he had more to say, could write haunting passages on the blending of moonlight and dawn, on a vision of the "wives and daughters of those who met in peace," on a dream of Easter Sunday,—"I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to heaven, . . . and with the dew I can wash the fever from my forehead, and then I shall be unhappy no longer." Here the style is rhythmic but not rhetorical; as I compare these quiet passages with his flights of eloquence, I am inclined to rearrange his words on Milton,—"Though for the most part he gives us eloquence for

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poetry, there are times when he gives us poetry for eloquence," when the artificial yields place to the imaginative.

A writer who studiously cultivates his prose is like a fox leading the chase. His ear is atune to the least sound; he is partial to emphatic articulation; he reveres his labials. And yet the hounds are in full cry: he must be unobtrusive; he must scatter his scent or they will surely get him. They caught Landor; they lay hold of Stevenson; did they overtake Newman? I am not sure. They saw him, beyond question, but he was far off,—a swift and subtle fox; and he had a masterful way of doubling on his track. Besides, Newman was in earnest, and serious foxes are the most elusive.

There was a trait of Newman's style, however, a first cousin of this studied prose that was not at all elusive—I mean his eloquence. Now eloquence does not flame or cut or cry; it simply sounds the big drum or the snare drum or sweeps the double bass—there is no mistaking it. Newman did not mind these instruments. How contentedly he defends his Cicero!—"nothing more redundant in any part of his writings," says Newman, than certain passages from Shakespere, and he quotes at length speeches of Macbeth and Hamlet, beginning "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased" and "'Tis not only my inky cloak, good mother."

Newman continues:

> No lover then at least of Shakespere may fairly accuse Cicero of gorgeousness of phraseology or diffuseness of style. . . . His copious, majestic, musical flow of language, even if sometimes beyond what the subject matter demands, is never out of keeping with the occasion or with the speaker. . . .
>
> Neither Livy nor Tacitus nor Terence nor Seneca nor Pliny nor Quintilian, is an adequate spokesman for the Imperial City. They write Latin; Cicero writes Roman.

This flare of cadence provokes questions. In the first place, if Shakespere, a child of the Elizabethans, was gorgeous and diffuse, how much was at stake? Was he defending a city? or was he, like all those about him, in love with words? And for his greatest beauty and his highest poetry do we go to his redundant passages? In the second place, if Cicero wrote Roman, what,

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pray, was Julius Caesar writing, and which of the two is the adequate spokesman of the Imperial City?

An admiring critic of a recent book of verse says: "There is no adornment and no eloquence; irony, indignation and vision are stripped bare, and speak in their immediate characters"; and another critic comments upon Robert Frost's poem, *The Runaway:* "Thought is provoked here rather than expressed, as thought is provoked by anything that really and quietly happens in the world." These poems address, then, not pure sense, still less the pure intellect, but what Walter Pater calls the "imaginative reason." "Art," he says, "is always striving to be independent of the mere intelligence, to become a matter of pure perception" . . . "the arts may be represented as continually struggling after the law or principle of music, to a condition which music alone completely realizes" . . . a "perfect identification of form and matter."

It would be strange indeed if, in the whirligig of time, Pater's definitions were directed against his own usage, if he should be the defender of a modern prose, careless of eloquence, careless of beauty itself, but which in its strife to marry thought and word should capture "the strength and resilience of fine steel," should unveil the secret of music; it would be passing strange if Pater's definitions should uphold free verse. It is as if the rap of Phocion's staff were more expressive than the periods of Demosthenes.

EDWARD A. THURBER.

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MUSIC OF THE MONTH

SONGS OF A RUSTIC ANGEL

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

We shall be celebrating before long the centenary of music's greatest torso—the incomparable "Unfinished" Symphony of Schubert. That of Shelley's death falls in the same year. Schubert, who was almost the age of his poetic contemporary, wrote his B minor Symphony in the year of Shelley's death. Like Shelley, he was too well-beloved of the gods; Shelley died at thirty, Schubert at thirty-one. Like Shelley, he was primarily a lyrist. But he had not Shelley's exigent and challenging mind or his fine-grained spirit. He was four-fifths peasant, and he sang like a rustic angel. When he died, he left behind him personal effects valued at a little over twelve dollars, and some of the loveliest music in existence. Within a year of his death he had been unable to afford a seventeen-cent dinner, and he was selling deathless songs for the present price of four subway tickets.

Almost all of the finer Schubert—his tenderness, his candor, his fragrance, his limpidity, his melancholy, his sense of drama—may be found in the B minor Symphony. It was begun in his twenty-fifth year, and he lived six years longer; yet only the *Allegro*, the *Andante*, and nine measures of the *Scherzo* survive.

The Symphony was composed as a gesture of acknowledgment, in return for the dazzling compliment conferred upon Schubert when he was elected an honorary member of the musical societies of Graz and Linz. A gesture of thanks—yet what a gesture! The music is as intimate and sincere as anything he ever wrote. There is grief in it, and protest. It would be hard to find anything more dolorous in Tchaikovsky's poignant symphonic threnody in the same key than that mournful passage in the first movement of the "Unfinished" where the wailing phase sung by the violins is answered in imitation by the

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violas and bassoons. No Slavic brooding was ever more grievous than this. If Sir George Grove chooses to find here "the history of cruel disappointments and broken hopes," who can say that the evidence is against him?

Schubert turned out masterworks as easily and casually as automats turn out griddle-cakes. "When I have done one piece I begin the next," he said to a visitor. In one morning he wrote six of the songs in the *Winterreise*. He composed nearly 1,000 works in thirteen years; and "at an age when Beethoven had produced one symphony," as Sir George observes, "Schubert had written ten." He composed with dangerous ease, and he wrote at times when he had nothing to say, so that not a little of his output seems to-day inexpressive. When he was at his best—and how often he was!—he could write music as fragrant and magical as a June dusk; and he could be thrillingly dramatic. He had, too, the sense of tears, as well as the sense of drama. His art displays almost all the major virtues except ecstasy and incandescence. He was lyrical without the specific gift of ectasy. If the aim of all enchantment is ecstasy, then Schubert is not one of the great enchanters of music—of whom, indeed, there have been few; perhaps only Wagner, and Chopin, and Debussy. But one need not enchant to be a god of art, or a prophet, or a poet, or a revealer of mysteries. As for incandescence, there has been, probably, only one musical imagination that indisputably commanded it; and that was certainly not Schubert's.

Mr. Edmondstoune Duncan, in his devoted study of Schubert, is reminded by this symphony of "salt-flavored breezes," the "pulsation of waves," and "the freedom and expanse which a wilderness of waters convey to the mind"—though he hastens to say that he does not impute any such pictorial intentions to Schubert. But again, in discussing the free fantasia, he finds in the music such "mystic sounds" as may be heard "in some desolate place where the tide breaks complainingly over the low-lying rocks. It is as a song of forgotten ages; it touches on the mystery of life and death, the yearning of man, the futility of despair." Mr. Duncan finds much else in the music of this symphony: melodies from fairyland, the "blending of peace and passion," an "almost religious atmosphere," reminders of the Merchant

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of Venice, "blissful dreams" and "stern realities," and the "trumpet-call of Hope." Only a mail-order catalogue could be more generously varied. Others have found in the famous 'cello theme of the first movement "the most charming melody in all music"; and Philip Hale did not hesitate to say of the first movement of the B minor that "there is nothing of more complete, well-rounded beauty in the literature of music."

Henry James in certain of his later novels, says Rebecca West, fabricated sentences "vast as the Pyramids and a scene that would have made a site for a capital," and with this basic material he "set about constructing a story the size of a hen-house." There are some who would say that Schubert was similarly inclined: that he was wont to evolve a hen-house—or, let us say, a golden cage full of singing birds—after having laid the foundations of a three-acre zoo.

Undoubtedly Schubert's ideas are at times spread pretty thinly over a wide expanse of tonal framework. But Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason, who has written with shrewdness and sensibility about Schubert, is far too stern, we believe, in connecting this weaker aspect of his genius with "a certain flabbiness of moral fibre." We doubt if "moral fibre" has anything to do with the matter at all. Why drag in the Puritan complex? Let us not, in dealing with these problems of artistic behavior, pattern after the hasty and illogical ways of the Bostonians of Professor Agassiz's day, who (it is said) used to suspect him of moral instability because, in his lectures, he was wont to call attention to the fact that in a certain species of the *Radiata* every female marries her grandfather. It seems to us as fantastic to drag Schubert's "moral flabbiness" into an estimate of his artistic characteristics as it was for those Bostonians of an earlier day to feel cool toward the abandoned Agassiz for exhibiting a fact of science—though it should be said that Mr. Mason in his remark about Schubert does not make it quite clear whether he is voicing an original opinion or merely exhibiting the view of an English critic, Mr. H. H. Statham, whom he quotes with approval. In either case, we wish he might have refrained. The habits of Schubert had no more to do with his occasional monotony and diffuseness as a musician than Wagner's liberal attitude toward the marriage

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contract had anything to do with his fondness for the chord of the diminished seventh. Schubert's tendency, as a composer, to "run to emptyin's"—the disparity in his writing between dimensions and content—cannot be made to wear any special significance by hitching it to whatever "flabbiness of moral fibre" that divine bourgeois was afflicted with.

"There is," said Mr. Hale years ago, in the most penetrating essay that has been written in English upon Schubert—an essay that is a masterpiece of interpretation—"there is a pot-house Schubert, the composer in the tavern," a figure as absurd as the legendary Schubert who was a "sentimentalist raised to the highest power," but "used for years by the ignorant to point a moral to young men wishing to be musicians, and young women wishing to be musicians' wives." And Mr. Hale asserts his conviction that Schubert's dissipation has been "grossly exaggerated," in view of his vast amount of creative labor. Probably the simple truth is that Schubert was prolix, diffuse, garrulous, because there was more genius in him than artist—because he lacked aesthetic tact, the inspired instinct of omission, the power to concentrate and curtail, the ability to discriminate. Into the capacious bowl of his art—half gold and half pewter—he would (as Miss West says of Mr. James) "toss any sort of object: a jewel, a rose, a bit of string, a visiting-card, confident that the surrounding glow would lend it beauty." Often it did—a thousand times it did. Often he filled it full of a prodigal loveliness, pressed down and overflowing, so that the beauty shines from within, and the bowl becomes translucent alabaster.

There is no denying the prolixity of (for example) the C major Symphony—it is notorious and inescapable. There are more than 200 pages in the miniature full score. Mr. Edmondstoune Duncan counted up, in the leisurely days before the War, the number of measures in the Finale alone, and arrived at a total of 1,159. These are indeed, as Mr. Duncan observes, "grand extensions."

Felix Weingartner has said: "Whenever I hear this work well conducted, or conduct it myself [an excessively modest distinction], I become fairly intoxicated with the music. . . . It is quite incomprehensible to me how people can find this symphony

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too long and desire to shorten it." That, to our mind, is altogether too lenient an attitude. Schubert—*pace* Mr. Weingartner—was often intolerably garrulous. Of many of his works it may be declared with truth that there is disparity between the worth of the thing said and the time that is taken to say it.

But in the amazing and untarnished score of the "Unfinished" Symphony, the discourse, almost throughout, is like that of a speaker who knows and loves and cunningly employs "the shape and hue and odor and sweet sound of words." It is full of surprising and inexhaustible subtleties of design and procedure, of delicate felicities accomplished with so perfect an art that they wear the innocence and spontaneity of natural processes. When one thinks of the blend of sadness and serenity that is in this music, and in the ampler symphony in C major,—of its beautiful tenderness and freshness and strength, of its wistful charm, its poetry that is often as "a touch from behind a curtain,"—one remembers Francis Thompson's eulogy upon the plenitude of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound:* . . . "This amazing lyric world, where the very grass is all a-rustle with lovely spirit things. Poetry is spilt like wine, music runs to drunken waste. The choruses sweep down the wind, tirelessly, flight after flight, till the breathless soul almost cries for respite."

Like all authentic revelation, the music of Schubert at its best has an ever-receding horizon. It gives us the sense of an enchanted familiarity: that sense both of the wonder and the nearness of life—the conviction that just beyond the next hill lies some accessible paradise of the pilgrim mind. To create and maintain that illusion is surely to conquer, by the most daring of flights, a boundless region of spiritual air.

Through the confusion and disarray of contemporary tone-building, which sends up as dense a cloud of controversial dust as the flock of sheep in Don Quixote, the tranquil lights of an immortal beauty shine from this music with serene detachment, dropping their loveliness into the upturned gaze of those who still shepherd their flocks of dreams upon untroubled hills.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

The President in his first address to the Congress continued the practice of personal and oral delivery which his predecessor had revived from the example of the two eighteenth century administrations, and which we may hope will henceforth be the general custom. Apart from others, perhaps more commonly remarked, the spoken address has these two very real advantages over the written message: It is almost certain to be shorter, and more popular in style. It might be preferable to say, less prolix and less technical. We have known some former messages which were so long and so filled with statistics and technicalities that it seemed inconceivable that anybody would read them through, save the reading clerks of the Congress, and the proofreaders of newspapers. Now since in recent years such utterances have come to be more and more intended for the public as well as for the Congress, it is obvious that when thus framed they must largely fail of their desired effect. There can be no doubt that the better form is the oral address of moderate length and of matter and style interesting to the average citizen as well as informing to members of the Congress; for the establishment or reëstablishment of which, we owe thanks to Presidents Wilson and Harding.

John Burroughs had lived so long and had won so vital a place in innumerable minds and hearts that his death is scarcely realizable. Of course in a certain grateful sense he is not dead and cannot die. His works, his teachings, his influence for the love of nature, are imperishable. He was the latest survivor, and not the least, of a noteworthy company or succession of American naturalists who were not merely naturalists but also great moralists. That was because they were students and teachers not merely of flora and fauna, but also of abstract truth, to which they were nobly inspired by contemplation of the concrete truths

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of nature. It would be a poor tribute to pay to Burroughs, to say that he was the last of his line and would have no successor. Such teaching as his must have inspired many to follow his example, among whom a few may arise to eminence comparable with his own. For that to happen would be the best possible testimony to the greatness of his life and work.

The Bureau of Education at Washington expresses the cheerful hope that the next generation of Americans will be practically free from illiteracy. This is based upon the census returns from three States, and the District of Columbia. In thirty years, we are told, illiteracy has declined in Alabama from 41 to 16.1 per cent; in Arkansas from 26.6 to 9.4; in Delaware from 14.3 to 5.9; and in the Federal District from 13.2 to 2.8 per cent. Such progress is certainly gratifying, and we shall hope to see it maintained in the returns from all the States, though we must confess that our hope is not very strong in relation to some of them. And we cannot forget that during the Great War practically one-fourth of all the men drafted were illiterate. Now the young men of military age are to be supposed to be one of the most literate of all the elements of population. If they were, as they were found to be, 24.9 per cent illiterate, for the whole country, what must have been the percentage of illiteracy in the rest of the population? There is, of course, the possibility, not agreeable to contemplate, that in the selective conscription a certain proportion of young men falsely declared themselves illiterate, in order to secure exemption, as they hoped, from the draft, who last year, under the civilian census, recorded themselves as literate. We should hate, however, to suppose that they were numerous. It is better to be illiterate than to be a Bergdoll.

Professor Albert Einstein has been welcomed to this country and his theory of "Relativity" has been gravely listened to and discussed by myriads who have little conception of what it is all about. As the advocate of Jewish restoration to Palestine he has met with more appreciative and sympathetic interest. His lament over the losses to science "through the action of political misfortune" and his hope that "the field of activity of

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scientific men may be reunited" doubtless command sympathy, but they also inevitably provoke the retort that what he deplores was in fact largely brought about through the perversion and degradation of science. Not in our generation will or should the world forget that a large company of German scientists, comprising practically every first-class authority in that country, deliberately put their signatures and lent the support of their reputations to one of the most wickedly and wantonly lying statements ever coined by wholly unscrupulous knaves, and that not one of them, so far as the world knows, has ever manifested fitting contrition for their monstrous crime.

The President "improved the occasion" of the dedication of the Bolivar statue in New York with an address, the last echoes of which have not yet been heard in either the New World or the Old. Apart from his benevolent expression of this country's attitude toward its southern neighbors, which we are glad to see was universally accepted at its face value and heartily acclaimed throughout Latin America, he made a reassertion and interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine which must have been gratefully reassuring to some, prudently admonitory to others, and profitably informing to all, in both hemispheres. As for the occasion, it was most felicitous. The United States, in the heart of its metropolis, cannot too highly honor the memory of that great Latin American who more nearly than any other man in the history of these continents, approximated to the moral and patriotic stature of Washington himself.

One of the most hopeful and heartening achievements of recent time in the "Black Belt" of the South was the conviction and sentencing to life imprisonment of a white plantation owner for the murder of a number of negro peons—euphemism for slaves. Of course, if the case had been reversed, and a negro had been charged with the murder of white men, there would have been no life sentence, but a summary lynching, probably with additions of revolting torture. Still, it is a great gain for justice to have a Georgia court convict and sentence a white man for the murder of a negro. It is a great gain for humanity to have the infamous

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and degrading system of peonage exposed for the aggravated slavery which it is. It is a most auspicious gain for good government to have the Governor of the State bravely denounce the system of peonage, with which, he declares, the State reeks, as comparable with the Belgian atrocities in the Congo which roused the indignant protests of the world. In some counties of the "Empire State of the South," Governor Dorsey says, "the negro is being driven out as though he was a wild beast. In others he is being held as a slave. In others, no negroes remain." And he cites no fewer than 135 cases of atrocities committed against negroes in the last two years, in only two of which the victims were charged with outrages upon white women; adding that if an effort were made to collect reports of all cases, the number could be multiplied. When the Governor of a State speaks thus and takes such a stand, there is hope of ending a condition of affairs which is as degrading to the perpetrators and tolerators as it is cruel to the victims of the outrages.

The menace of a general strike of the great industries of the United Kingdom has been averted, through the resolute and rational stand of the Government, and the danger of its repetition has been greatly diminished by a schism among the labor unionists. The strike was ordered by the miners, who promptly put themselves entirely in the wrong and alienated all public sympathy by two acts. One was, to demand, without admitting argument, an increase of wages which they conceded the mine-owners could not afford to pay, but which they insisted must be granted to them by the Government as a subsidy out of the national treasury. The other was, to insist that, pending settlement, the pumps should not be kept running or the mines be cared for in any way, since they regarded destruction of property as their strongest stock in trade in the controversy. At that there was nothing to be done but for the Government and the public to present a solid front against the miners, which was done with splendid spirit. The miners then called upon the other members of the "Triple Alliance," the railroad workmen and the transport workers, to join them in a universal strike which would paralyze industry and starve the nation into sub-

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jection. The Government and people prepared to meet even this with tranquil and efficient fortitude, but it was not necessary. The other two unions would not support the outrageous demands of the miners, and declined to join in the strike, which thereupon collapsed. Finally the miners, resenting the refusal of the others to support them, withdrew from the "Triple Alliance." The whole incident serves as a convincing demonstration that Great Britain does not purpose to have a political revolution in the abused name of industry.

The advent of the "daylight saving" season was marked with various circumstances obviously making for radical and definitive action by the supreme authority. New York and New Jersey were without State laws on the subject, but permitted municipalities to do as they pleased. The result was that in most of the large cities daylight saving was adopted and was put into effect, while elsewhere standard time prevailed. Railroads ran some trains on one schedule and some on another, so that the five o'clock local train started from the terminal at five o'clock local time but four o'clock by the railroad's own station clock, and the five o'clock express started at five by the station clock but at six o'clock by local time and by the watches of its passengers. Such confusion was bad enough. But another and still more critical aspect was given to the case in Connecticut. There the Legislature, not content with refusing to enact daylight saving, passed a law forbidding it. In defiance of that enactment the capital city of the State, Hartford, adopted a daylight saving ordinance and put it into effect; whereupon members of the Legislature proposed to declare the city in revolt against the authority of the State, and to annul or suspend its charter until such time as it complied with the law requiring standard time. It was also charged that the city was violating the laws of the United States, which had established the standard time zones. If the latter charge were true, of course it must have been equally true of the cities of New York and New Jersey, and of some other States, which adopted daylight saving. The lesson of the whole business obviously is that Congress should

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exercise its Constitutional power, and perform its Constitutional duty, of prescribing uniform time-measurements and reckonings for the whole country.

The principle of restricted and selective immigration seems at last to be established, with ground for hope that in future and at leisure the Congress will develop and perfect the system in accordance with the needs and welfare of the country. There never was a time when we were either legally or morally bound to open our doors to all comers, though for some time our needs of labor seemed to be so great as to warrant the reception of all immigrants who presented themselves, and there were times when humanity seemed to require us to give asylum to many who were persecuted and oppressed on political or religious grounds. There is to-day little if any need of such asylum, and our needs of labor do not appear to demand unrestricted immigration. We cannot, of course, discriminate against particular nationalities or races, unless they assent to it by special agreement. But we can limit the number to be received from all on a percentage basis, and we can enact tests of fitness for admission which will assure immigrants of the best quality. There is no better established principle than that of the right of a country to decide for itself who shall be its guests.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE EVOLUTION OF REVOLUTION. By H. M. Hyndman. New York: Boni & Liveright.

When social evolution reaches certain critical points, then we have what is called revolution—a process not essentially different from that which preceded it, though, in appearance, something new. Force is not essential to revolution, and it is absurd to speak of "making a revolution" by force. Revolutions may well be peaceful, and in fact the greatest revolution of all time, the change in the prehistoric period from primitive communism to the system of individual property and exchange, was accomplished, so far as we know, without bloodshed and indeed without clear consciousness of what was going on. Social development is largely, though not wholly determined by economic causes, and being at once necessary and to a large extent unconscious, it partakes of the ruthlessness of the forces of nature. To be sure, some of the great movements have been "voluntary" and psychological. By no manner of logical juggling can the rise of the Arabs through the impulse of Mohammedanism, or those great adventures of the Christian peoples, the Crusades, be explained in accordance with a strict historic determinism. But the motives of these movements had no very close relation to any true social aims. The inference is that conscious social evolution or peaceful revolution is quite possible, and that people ought to prepare for making the great change which is to come in the not distant future, a conscious and a peaceful change.

Such in substance are Mr. Hyndman's general views about evolution and revolution. They do not differ greatly from the views held by most students of social development. The difference between Mr. Hyndman and the non-socialistic thinkers is mostly one of emphasis and of implication. It is the emphasis upon the happiness of the primeval communistic way of life in contrast with the misery that flowed from the change to individualism, and it is the implication that communism is a form of life essentially congenial to human nature and favorable to its development, that characterize Mr. Hyndman's treatise. The moderation—one might almost say the non-revolutionary—character of this treatise—makes it acceptable to mildly conservative and mildly radical readers alike. The book is also, in a measure, eye-opening. But there are two causes which somewhat interfere with its success. One of these is the difficulty of making socialist criticism work into socialist constructive theory, and the other is the difficulty of making history into anything theoretic anyhow.

Mr. Hyndman's description of primitive communal life is interesting and

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suggestive. Without concealing the horrors, the moral crudities, of that phase of human existence, the author succeeds in impressing one with the idea that there are worse things than cannibalism and uncivilized sex customs. These things simply corresponded to a relatively low grade of mental and moral development; they were moral in their time. The true horror came in with slavery, that early form of property; for slavery was an anomaly at the stage of moral and mental development in which it prevailed. It was a brake upon human development, and it had its origin in filthy lucre.

But there is a gap between this exposition and what follows. In fact, there are two gaps. One is a break in the author's historic method, or rather in the success of that method as applied to subsequent periods. The treatise gradually turns into a narrative of successive revolutions, diminishing in value and becoming more and more detailed, more and more merely chronological as the author approaches modern times. From the description of Greek and Roman slave civilization down through the chaos of the dark ages, the rise of feudalism, the medieval peasant revolts, to the Fabian Society, there is a decline in interest and in fruitfulness of comment. We set out with something large and almost grand in conception; we arrive at some observations concerning the Second International. The other gap is a logical chasm. "Communism, in any shape," says the author, "is so far from being contrary to human nature that human beings have lived well and happily under its dispensations for countless centuries. It solved beforehand on a low plane many of the problems which are exercising the greatest minds of civilized countries to-day." The implication plainly is that human beings upon a higher plane may live well and happily under the dispensations of a new communism. Perhaps so! But is not Mr. Hyndman falling into that very error of which anti-Socialists are frequently accused—the fallacy of assuming that human nature is always the same? To argue from primitive human beings to modern human beings seems not much more cogent than to base conclusions regarding human society upon the life of the bees. To put the case in another way, there must have been in primitive human nature the germ of individualism as well as the germ of communism. The latter developed first, because conditions required this earlier development; it came before capitalism, just as cannibalism came before pork-eating. From these facts there is no argument either way. The historic survey leaves us with the simple facts, that there is nothing in the very constitution of human nature which makes communism impossible, and that amid strictly primitive conditions this social order was both necessary and beneficial.

This is all—but it is a good deal. In fact, Mr. Hyndman's whole book, though confused or only half successful in its method, may prove enlightening. It has perspective, if not penetration; and it is particularly good against that conservative or "Tory" frame of mind which is characterized not so much by attachment to the past as by an unimaginative conception of the past in terms of the present. One does not believe that Mr. Hyndman and his school

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possess the secret of social evolution; but one cannot help feeling that this book is in a measure prophetic. To consider the present as part of a series of changes that stretches back into the remote past is, inevitably, to shake off some prepossessions. This Mr. Hyndman helps one to do.

MR. DIMOCK: A Story of To-Day. By Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan. New York: John Lane Company.

If Mrs. O'Sullivan has not quite succeeded in writing an absorbing story, she has produced something much rarer and better—a genuine reflection of life and character, a narrative that may be called, without further abuse of a much-abused term, a novel.

And a very winsome novel it is, too. It is easy to find fault with it just in proportion as the critic chooses to take high or technical ground. There is, one might say, far too much dispersion of interest throughout the story; one is attracted by everything, held by nothing. Where is the unity of the narrative? We do not find here anything that looks like an inevitable sequence of events; the people of the story are in fact a little arbitrary, a little unaccountable in their reactions, and the currents of thought and feeling that come into individual lives from the great world do not appear to flow in any particular direction. There is no strong central figure. Mr. Dimock himself may be intended for one; but Mr. Dimock is an obvious egoist, a mild profiteer, an elderly Don Juan; it must be confessed that before one is half-way through the story one loses interest in his psychosis and ceases to care what becomes of him—the tolerant Lady Freke may marry him if she chooses, or he may go back to America and legitimatize his relations with his stenographer. As a picture, the story possesses unity, but it is the unity of the author's own temperament and social experience.

The novel has, indeed, a very special characteristic which, while it increases its charm, contributes to the effect of dispersion just noted. It has its setting in a little world of its own, a group, a family; and yet it is by no means a study of, or even a story *about*, such a world, group, or circle. This characteristic is, if one may be permitted the impertinence, distinctly Irish—as it is intensely human. Old friends, a good deal related, much interlinked in their affections and in their love affairs, the people of the story are all desperately individual and yet almost clannish in their sympathies. New friends also are drawn into the circle, treated with sympathy, loved, idolized, and lost. Lady Freke is passionately maternal toward two handsome, high-minded Serbian officers. One can never be sure whether or not they are as dear to her as her own sons, or whether or not their country is as dear to her as Ireland itself. She invents, and believes in, the myth that Serbia and Ireland are alike. She sees in the two Serbians the highest type of manhood, and yet she never admits that her two American sons are not the highest type of manhood. With a kind of

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imaginative and unthinking passion, yet with dry reserves, with flashes of disillusionment, she loves all—Serbia, Ireland, her sons, the Serbian officers,—with a devotion that cannot be measured. Mr. Dimock, the unspeakable Mr. Dimock, profits by the spirit of loyalty—loyalty to what, exactly?—that pervades the whole circle.

Loyalty to love, loyalty to one's own dreams, loyalty to *any* fine or disinterested quality in another—above all loyalty to oneself! For these people are as individual as they are clannish. Their devotion to each other is a spontaneous giving, and they insist that the gift must be appreciated. They are as capable of hating as of loving, of suffering intense personal humiliation as of bearing patiently with the faults of their friends.

But whereas we have set out to show why it is that Mrs. O'Sullivan's novel is not exactly a novel of power, we have really been demonstrating its human value. This value lies, of course, in its emotional versatility and in its complete genuineness. There is nothing good or bad in life but feeling makes it so; and thus when one finds in a novel these two rare things, utter genuineness and the most wonderful flexibility and liveliness of feeling (both qualities controlled by fine taste and by a discriminating knowledge of the world), it is difficult to deny to that novel even the final praise of power.

Genuineness linked to sophistication (as it is in this paradoxical book) is far harder to find than what is called sincerity. Any good craftsman is sincere; no one who is not a master can, for the most part, afford to let himself go, or even to appear to do so. But Mrs. O'Sullivan never seems to be constrained; she has a faculty for putting her own feeling for life into the story which is the next thing to genius. To express the matter a little more definitely, there is in the tale nothing whatever of that more or less self-conscious impersonation, that studying of effects, which half spoils, for example, so good a story as *The Book of Susan*. It has been said of Stevenson, that often his characters seem to wear masks, and that you can sometimes see the smiling eyes of Stevenson himself looking through the eye-holes. The people in Mrs. O'Sullivan's story, on the contrary, do not wear masks; you can see the texture of their complexions, and you can see their souls—not profoundly, indeed, but sufficiently. And with all this, there is adequate artistic restraint.

Besides this genuineness, there is a wonderful versatility of feeling. (By *feeling*, of course, one does not necessarily imply strong emotion: every affection of the mind that drives away boredom, that sodden lack of interest in life, is represented here.) Love for Ireland, love for Serbia, and pain for both; a delicate appreciation of Irish, American, Serbian traits; a cosmopolitanism that appreciates, loves, and makes fun of all national traits, while it feels an intelligent interest in the fate of Europe; a love for the truly rustic people of Oxfordshire and a sense of rural beauty and contentment such as every writer who moves his characters from stiff London drawing-rooms to cosy cottages struggles to assume, but rarely with success—these prevent the book from having a dull page. Even the wit is genuine wit, and Lady Freke, the epigrammatist of

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the story, is a good epigrammatist. The children, whom Mrs. O'Sullivan cannot keep out of the tale, though they have uncommonly little to do with it, are lovable and entertaining children—not little bores, nor mere vehicles for emotion. On the whole we are glad that Mrs. O'Sullivan has not kept them out.

The story is really built up about the characters of three women: Lady Freke; her sister, Crystal McClinton; and Daphne O'Brien. They are a trio that impress. Between the more mature, original, and worldly-wise "Katty Freke," and the young, ingenuous, potentially wilful Daphne, stands Katty's sister, Crystal, as the truest representative of the type to which all three belong. It is a type of pure, sensitive, intellectually keen and very modern femininity. Despite the distinctively Irish-American traits and some individual peculiarities, one feels that here is a type of feminine soul and mind that the world has not as yet fully realized, at least, in fiction—modern womanhood depicted without suppressions, without conventionalities, without libellous distortions in the interest of either romance or realism. Here is something spiritually vital—yet not too good for human nature's daily food—which seems really to belong to the life, the civilization, the war has left us. It is well enough that Lady Freke remains a little sphinx-like throughout the story; that Daphne does not have much to reveal in the way of "psychology," and that Crystal McClinton is the only one of the three whose thoughts and feelings are fully known. What we get from them all is a wonderful portraiture of womanhood under the post-war conditions. It matters little that the basic situation is slight. Horace Dimock, after many amatory and some marital adventures, falls in love with and secretly marries Crystal McClinton. Then he becomes infatuated with his ward, Daphne, the daughter of an old flame, and tries to win her from her resolution to become a nun. But she has only contempt for the amorous Horace. Horace—who is, by the way, very skilfully portrayed as a pretentious nonentity with many of the likable traits that usually pass for virtues—writes Crystal the bitter truth. Under these circumstances the feelings and the mutual relations of the three women afford material for a fine and subtle study, while the eventual "exit" of Mr. Dimock becomes a matter of slight significance.

The three women dominate the story. The vision one gets through their eyes—not of "life," perhaps, but of what life may mean—and the insight one obtains into their own ways of thinking, are ennobling. Mrs. O'Sullivan has written a lively, colorful, witty story, which it is something of an emotional education to read.

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POETIC ORIGINS AND THE BALLAD. By Louise Pound, Professor of English in the University of Nebraska. New York: the Macmillan Company.

Scholarship has its "idols," now as in the days of Bacon, and if there is one branch of scholarship, more than another, which is prone to a kind of intellectual idol-worship, it is that which concerns itself with the more abstruse problems of literature. It is perhaps not too harsh a thing to say that a good deal of what is termed literary scholarship has been not so much scholarship or literature as pseudo-science. The fashion of thinking which sought to explain almost every ancient belief as a "sun-myth" has its parallel in the modern desire to find the origin of almost all intellectual forms in some ancient communal impulse, rite, or practice. Of such is the theory that the ballad originated as an improvisation among the "festive throng"—the throng being credited with some sort of inspirational quality not exactly specified. Back of this theory was the ultimate need of explaining in some way the superiority which critics of a romantic way of thinking ascribed to rude ballads, the product, it was assumed, of the popular mind, as compared with the more sophisticated "literary" compositions—a phenomenon which (perhaps) does not need explaining because (just possibly) it does not exist.

While it is inadmissible to prejudge a question, the solution of which rests with peculiarly difficult research and with an exceptionally painstaking analysis, yet it does seem that Professor Pound has greatly weakened the pious assumption that she has criticized in her recent book; and it seems, moreover, that her conclusions are rather strengthening to common sense and to a vital, non-mystical interest in literature as opposed to scholarly lore. Literature, it may be said, has never been much benefited by association with *a priori* assumptions. Efforts to ennoble it by connecting it with some other impulse, religious, social, ethic, or aesthetic, seem seldom to produce the desired result. In origin and function, literature seems not much more amenable to doctrinaire theories than are health, beauty, or thought.

Professor Pound begins by exposing the double or triple sense in which the word *ballad* is used by scholars, to the confusion of earnest students. Etymologically the word means "dance song"; but the fact is that whereas many other forms of verse have been used in connection with dancing, the narrative ballad has been thus used only, as it were, *per accidens*, and shows in its structure no signs of having been originally designed for such use. The author next examines the supposition that the ballad, or any form of poetry to which the name ballad might properly be applied, originated in "the festive throng." In the first place, it is absurd, she argues, to suppose that communal composition could have preceded individual composition. If a tribesman could not compose by himself, how could he become suddenly endowed with this faculty amid a crowd of his fellows? But there is much evidence in favor of individual composition. Among the American Indians, for example, many songs not only have individual authorship, but are the private property of those who compose them. Furthermore, cases of ballad forms used in connection

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with dancing generally prove to be instances of pieces originally composed for another purpose but adapted to the social use and suffering, usually, a certain decay of structure in the process of adaptation. That the dance-conditions are favorable to ballad composition, there is very little to show.

Turning then to the *style* of the ballads, Professor Pound does not deny that many of the pieces roughly classed as ballads are in a true sense *popular*, and that, whatever their origin may have been, they owe certain appealing qualities, such as simplicity and charm, to progressive adaptation to the tastes of the people. Nevertheless, she finds in the ballad style nothing whatever that may be called definitely and clearly distinctive: the essential merits of these pieces point to a "literary origin"—even such characteristic features as iteration and refrain being used in the "art way" rather than the literary way. Finally, an analysis of the Southwestern cowboy songs raises a pointed question as to how ignorant, medieval peasants can be supposed capable of doing what modern American cowboys obviously cannot do. Typical pieces from Mr. Lomax's collection are found to be "crude, without structure or clearly told story, flat and vulgar in language, and without striking or memorable quality." In no way do they resemble the "good" or "genuine" ballads of the Child collection, "supposed to have won their type, their peculiar quality and worth, from the very humbleness of their composers." The songs in the collection which do show vitality are not truly of communal origin. One of these, *The Cowboy's Lament* is from *The Unfortunate Rake*, a song popular in Ireland in the eighteenth century. Another, *My Little Old Sod Shanty* is an adaptation of *The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane*, a negro song of the same general type as *My Old Kentucky Home*.

This book is not only scholarly but also cheering, because in turning away from romantic theories about origins, it seems, without dismissing historic study, to clear the way for a zestful and common-sense appreciation of ballads and other poems themselves. It is favorable to literature rather than to lore.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHO STARTED THE BLUE LAW AGITATION?

SIR:

I am very greatly surprised to read in the January NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: "It is now made known that most of the same organizations which were the protagonists of prohibition are organizing a similar nation-wide campaign for Puritanical Sabbatarianism."

Months since, some irresponsible writer, without a syllable of proof, stated that the American Anti-Saloon League, having led the moral forces of the country in achieving the great prohibition victory, is about to turn its machinery to the revival of the "blue laws." I aided in organizing the Wisconsin Anti-Saloon League in 1898, was the State Superintendent five years and have since been an official and so am familiar with the work and plans of the national League. I knew the statement had no foundation and confidently expected the positive and wholesale denial by the League's national officials that any such work is contemplated, thus holding up to public contumely the authors of the slander.

A recent number of the *Literary Digest* gives an account of the aims of the Rev. H. L. Bowlby, General Secretary of the American Lord's Day Alliance. But the Lord's Day Alliance never aided Prohibition, except as one good work helps every other good work.

The daily papers assert that the South Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South, I suppose) demands much more strict Sunday-Rest-Day laws. Nearly every Methodist Conference favors prohibition. I know of no other organization that lends a shadow of truth to your assertion.

By invitation I lately attended the annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the Wisconsin Lord's Day Alliance, which petitioned the coming legislature not to repeal our State Laws on the subject.

The General Ministers Meeting of this City, over forty present, unanimously adopted, last December, a report, which I, as Chairman of a Committee, made asking that Wisconsin State laws be not changed in regard to the Sunday Rest Day, and that existing laws be enforced so as to prevent the commercializing of the day. We had reference simply to the Movies. Two ministers related that men had complained to them that they were compelled, by the Movies that employed them, to work seven days every week, and "If the churches cared for us, we would be stopped."

The thoughtful reader of the daily press must be convinced that a widespread, richly financed movement aims to destroy our weekly Day of Rest.

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First, The Anti-Saloon League was about to turn its magnificent machinery to revive the old "blue laws." Then Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, with a strong force, was planning the same. The positive denial of both the League and Dr. Craft was bringing the movement into discredit, and now it is the reform organizations generally that are planning to enslave the people.

I am surprised and pained to learn of the company which the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW keeps.

I am a retired Methodist Minister, eighty-six years old, and have taken the REVIEW longer than you have edited it, and hope to read it years more.

HENRY COLMAN.

Milwaukee, Wis.

HOW MANY PRESIDENTS HAVE WE HAD?

SIR:

In your issue for April you made the statement that there have been twenty-nine Presidents of The United States including Mr. Harding.

This is carrying on a long since exploded historical error which occurred at the time Mr. Cleveland was elected to a second term. President Arthur was the 21st President, President Cleveland the 22d, and President Harrison, the 23d.

But here comes the trouble. Mr. Cleveland after being out of office for a term, is again elected, and a few writers insisted upon treating him as an entirely different person, and calling him the 24th President. This is most certainly wrong, as he merely served another term, separated, it is true, by four years, but still being only the 22d individually, while Mr. McKinley, the next in line becomes 24th, Roosevelt 25th, Taft 26th, Wilson 27th, and Harding 28th.

The Vice Presidents have been more fortunate, there having been no numerical or individual break from John Adams the first, to Calvin Coolidge, the 29th and present incumbent.

JAMES SHIELDS.

St. Paul, Minn.

JUST WHAT GERMANY WOULD HAVE DONE

SIR:

In the April number of the REVIEW is printed an article under the title "Can Germany Pay?" by Mr. Lauzanne. Scant six pages are consumed in the presentation of his case, but in all the writing by various men on that question none have presented the matter so clear cut, so concise in point of facts given, so unanswerable—not even by the Germans themselves, and no one can conscientiously defend Germany's propaganda that she is not able to pay. The reason that it is so forcible and unanswerable is that it is facts from the Ger-

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mans own reports and statistics at the present as compared with those of past times. Certainly Germany can pay. No one can doubt that Germany will use every means at her command or invention to escape her obligations set up in the Treaty at Paris. Suppose Germany had won the War. Does anyone doubt that she would have placed heavy indemnities on the conquered peoples? Furthermore, would Germany have patiently listened to the outcries of those peoples that they could not pay so much in indemnities; that the people had to live and have something to do; that the industries of the nations had to have raw materials with which to run their factories and create things to sell to the world, and also be allowed to enter the world's markets? I think not. I submit that Germany's victims would have paid to the last cent and the last drop of blood had she dictated peace. Are the Allies gainers by the policy they are pursuing toward Germany? There is no doubt as to Germany's ability to pay, and I think she ought to be made to do so.

Theodore Roosevelt had the best idea of a peace with Germany when he said that the only peace that can be made is at Berlin. It would be more effective.

ELBERT KRUSE.

Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

EGGS A LA GOLDENROD AND CATULLUS

SIR:

They gave me eggs à la goldenrod for lunch, which made me smile but which also brought me a whimsical whiff of New England. Then with them I had the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, which I opened to "Good Friday and Classical Professors." And my mind flashed back to old classical professors of my own, and the breath of life that once came to me out of Catullus, and—but I don't need to go into that story of my getting out of the college church. But the breath of life that came to me out of Stark Young made me turn to the Contributors' Gazetteer, to find out who on earth he might be. For I am ignorant, and have little time to read. Then I discovered to my stupefaction that he professes English at Amherst.

So bad an Amherst man am I that I didn't know it. Yet Amherst was where I read Catullus, and the college church I had such a time trying to get out of was the one facing the Pelham Hills. Mr. Young was at his bottle then, I suppose—or perhaps later, when first I climbed the steps of Girgenti. At any rate I congratulate Amherst for possessing someone with the breath of life in him. And I congratulate him on possessing the black art of blowing it between print and paper. Most of all, however, I congratulate myself on the discovery of so rare a seasoning for eggs à la goldenrod.

Ave atque vale,

H. G. DWIGHT.

Washington, D. C.

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